

ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

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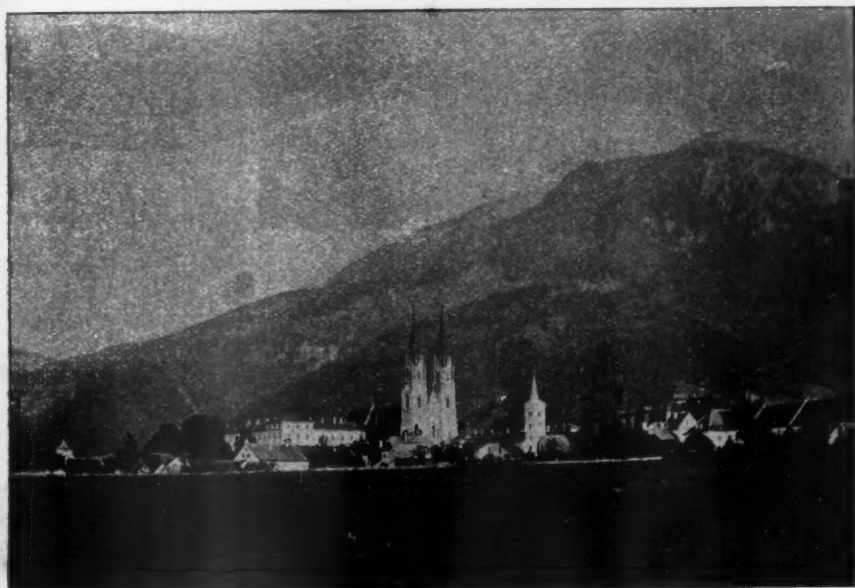
IN STEIERMARK.

BY FLORENCE MOLT.



IN the southwestern part of Austria, there is a province called Styria. It is not criss-crossed by railroad tracks, for the average of travel rushes straight through it as a thoroughfare to Italy. The average traveler gives his attention to that wonderful piece of engineering, the Semmering road, by which he crosses the country,

rare sight, its working population being mainly agricultural. Little of the new is to be found anywhere; but there are old churches, old monasteries, old castle-fortresses, about some of which cling traditions and fragments of half-forgotten—or, to a denison of the Western world, almost unknown—events; and at a little village in the very heart of this Styrian country did the good fairy afore-



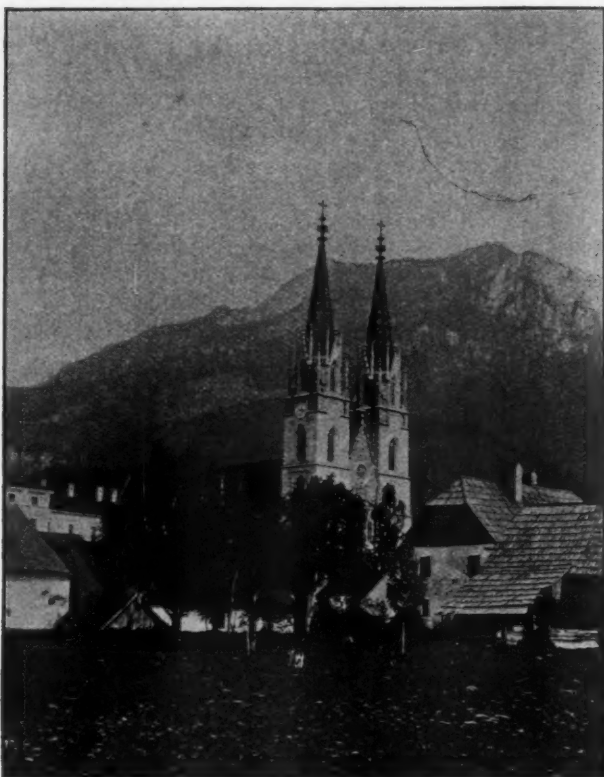
IN ADMONT.

and has only fleeting glances from car-windows, of the lovely Styrian Alps and the fertile valleys of the river Mur.

Styria is not thronged with fashionable tourists; its visitors are principally artists and sportsmen. Factory chimneys are a

said set me down for a week of perfect July weather.

You may look in vain on any map of ordinary size for Admont. It is tucked away in a little Alpine valley. The railroad which connects it with the rest of



THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

the world has been considerably placed so far from the village that happily you may forget its existence.

We took up our abode at the "Hotel und Pension zur Post," the landlord of which, in a delightfully worded card, offers English-reading visitors the following inducements to become his guests: "Saloons and rooms to sleep in, furnished with all commodities. I procure summer seats to hire. I do give informations about tours to the mountains and guiders for alpinists." He might truthfully have added: "I do supply my table with plenty of good food, and I do study by every means in my power to make my guests comfortable."

The hotel service was excellent and our particular waitress most attentive, although we did rather outrage her ideas of the fitness of things by steadily declining to drink rum in our tea.

"Mit rum," she would say, confidently, when taking an order, a cup of tea. "Ohne rum," we would kindly but firmly answer, until at last she gave up all hope of converting us to the Chinese beverage as Admonters drink it, and devoted herself with right good-will to brewing it in such a manner as suited our barbarian tastes. "Your refreshment is doubtless spoiled, ladies," her face invariably said, as she placed the steaming tea-pot on the table; "but it is as good as it can be made without rum."

No sooner were we fairly settled than I sallied out to see what Admont might have in store for an amateur photographer. Before I had gone through half the village, I knew that the difficulty would not be want of subjects, but

the perplexity of deciding which to select from such numbers of desirable views.

From far off on the other side of the little river, there lay Admont at the foot of a solemn gray mountain, its cathedral towering above all else in the village and shining out from the verdure of the surrounding country.

A little nearer, the abbey buildings and the village homes clustered around them make a fair picture; and nearer yet, the cathedral with its beautifully wrought towers—towers holding a clock which told the hours for many a household with no other time-piece, and whose bells rang the Angelus for people living miles away.

Then past the church to the other end of the village—surely there could be nothing lovelier than those same fretted towers showing between grand old poplars.

The wooden bridge which spans the river bears a figure of the Christ. Ah! we must have a picture of that crucifix; and we take it, hoping that justice will be done to the benignity of the divine face.

And then we go on toward the town, but turn to look back—you forever turn to look back at Admont—and down comes the camera again; for behold, the little bridge is glorified! Sunshine falls on the crucifix, the Alps beyond are softest purplish-gray, save where they show masses of glittering snow, the near hills are like emeralds, while between us and the bridge there are such shadows as only giant trees can throw.

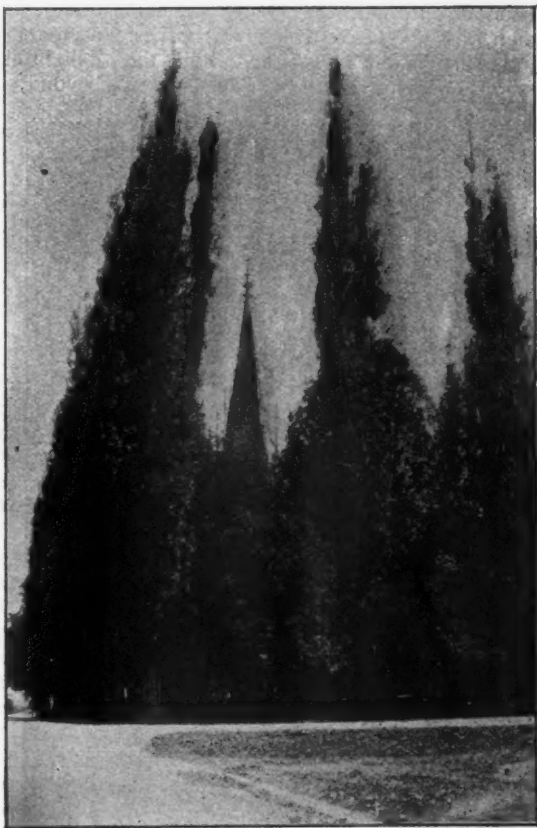
So we secure the view and go on our way, regretfully conscious that no photographic tints can reproduce the wonderful tones of the landscape, and that only to our eyes will the picture ever give out its full beauty.

Nor must we forget a certain embowered watering-trough, at which peasant-women congregate to wash basketfuls of family garments and exchange scraps of social gossip. And the guardian of this sylvan lavatory—the little stone boy in his leafy niche—he calls for a picture all to himself, and gets it.

One interesting object long eluded photographic capture. In vain we dragged the camera all around the hill-side surrounding the little castle of Reutlestein, and set the tripod at every possible angle of inconvenience. Each attempt resulted in some new distortion on the picture-plate, as if the old building took a grim satisfaction in making faces at us; or else, worse yet, after patiently adjusting the lens to some new position, we looked in, with that hope which is truly said to spring eternal, etc.,

to see a patch of landscape on one side of the castle, or a liberal view of the sky above it, but no Reutlestein, until the situation began to seem remarkably like the efforts of a besieging army to get a heavy field-piece within firing range of an impregnable fortress. So, no other way but retreat being open to us, we drew off our artillery, and, climbing to the castle gates, begged for peaceful admission.

When we had seen its belongings and



A LINE OF POPLARS.

looked around on the country from its watch-tower, we forgot all about being angry with the old castle for its stubborn resistance to our siege.

Reutlestein, a bishop's palace once, has long been uninhabited save by care-

takers. It has lofty rooms, deep-set windows, curious little embrasures where cannon could be mounted in case of need, and all the fittings of an old-time castle. Noticeable above all is the frescoing of the dining-hall. In the days when pictures served for books, the bishop's guests, while they feasted, might read the story of the prodigal son. The four walls tell it all—the strong young man leaving the father's house, his life among his gay companions, his desolate abandonment, and the loving welcome when, arising, he returns to his father. And what manner of banquet did the bishop offer his guests? The kitchen

mighty one on which whole oxen were roasted, the lesser ones being used for deer, sheep, etc. First, fires were kindled on the stone until it was thoroughly heated; and then, the animal being placed upon this unique dripping-pan, other fires were kept burning around it until the roasting process was completed. The cellar we did not visit, but surely it must once have held casks upon casks of wine and ale to wash down such substantial fare as the kitchen furnished. Several days after this visit, we were crossing a stretch of open country, bound on a delightful ramble to whatever might lie beyond, when, all at once, out stood Reutlestein, saying graciously: "Now, from this respectful distance, I am willing to be photographed." We felt it was somewhat of a judgment on the pride and obstinacy of the old castle, that it came out with an incongruous foreground of telegraph-wires.

Admont boasted a photographer who was obligingness itself to his amateur confrères, and whose domestic and professional affairs were curiously mixed. The developing-room adjoined the family kitchen. Occasionally the pleasant-faced house-mother would take advantage of a propitious moment and secure some photographic dish for culinary purposes, or the photographer would serve himself with a handy dish or bowl from a kitchen shelf full of spotlessly clean utensils. In that same kitchen was an arrangement which for convenience and economy I have never seen equaled. I noticed that, while at work, Mrs. Photographer often threw odds-and-ends of food under the kitchen table. A nearer view showed the table to be box-shaped, with slats



ON THE CROSS.

tells you that. Down you go to what looks like a deserted quarry, save that it is smoke-blackened; and therein are flat stones of various sizes, in the centre a

in front; closer inspection revealed the fact that it was the abode of several fine plump fowls. There was no journeying out in bad weather to feed those hens, no

getting into trouble with angry neighbors on account of damaged gardens, no hunting the country over for hidden nests, and, when a sacrificial day arrived, no wild pursuit of the victim.

Directly on reaching Admont, we had inquired for a boy who would carry a

his contract to the letter; but beyond that, dignity forbade him to go. The focusing-cloth might fall into the mud, or various small articles start off on a down-hill tour; and that boy's only concern would be to appear as if in no way connected with the apparatus or its



ALONG THE ROAD.

camera and make himself photographically useful. If ever a lad had "pirate" written all over him, it was the one whom the landlord sent up for our approval. He was twelve years old perhaps, black-eyed, black-haired, and with that in his bearing which instantly suggested "Bring out your gold and your jewels and your precious stuffs!" However, for a certain sum per hour, he agreed to devote his energies to peaceful service.

At first, I was disposed to treat him with much consideration. His burden being unloaded and set up for a view, I would select some shady nook near by and say: "Now, you rest there until I want you again." But, after two days of his assistance, I gave myself no further trouble as to his comfort. He fulfilled

owner. When obliged to re-shoulder his burden, he invariably did so with a look calculated to express to all beholders: "I undertake this little pastime because it suits my fancy for the moment; but, as a matter of fact, I entertain the greatest scorn for the whole performance."

When it came to starting off on the third day's excursion, I had grown so tired of my camera-bearer that I never looked at him as I said good-morning; only when we passed out of the hotel did I notice that he was transformed into a light-haired, blue-eyed, and much smaller boy. The "pirate," as I afterward discovered, had "farmed out" the contract. My relief at being freed from his distressingly lofty companionship was only surpassed by the comfort I took

with the sweet-faced, helpful little Wilhelm.

That morning, as we passed a picturesque chalet, there came out to meet us, with barking welcome for the boy, a half-grown dog, terribly nondescript as to breed and color, but with the loving bright eyes which are so often a mongrel's inheritance. "That's a clever dog," said I. "Ah, yes, respected lady," replied Wilhelm, with a pleased smile. A little further on, at a washing-fountain, splashing and playing in the running stream like a small merman, was a chubby child. He made such a picture, with the water shining on his bare arms and legs and glittering in his fair curls, that I stopped and exclaimed, more than half to myself: "What a lovely boy!" Then Wilhelm laughed outright and said exultantly: "Respected lady, that is my house and my dog and my little brother!"

The acquaintance so auspiciously begun had a happy continuance, and my little camera-bearer proved a most valuable

companion-guide. He showed me hidden paths, unsuspected lanes, and such wonderful cross-cuts as enabled me to accomplish an amount of sight-seeing which would have been quite impossible had I remained dependent on my own knowledge of the country.

How the little man loved his mountains! He never wearied of telling me their names—of how such a one was well traveled, while another was so dangerous that even the guides dreaded to brave its perils. He meant to be a guide himself someday, for there could be no place in the world so beautiful as the mountains.

When it came time for me to leave those beautiful mountains, and I had settled all money-matters with my dear little guide, I was glad to find among my possessions something which I felt sure would give him pleasure. I had bought in Berlin a set of magic-photography pictures—slips of seemingly blank paper, which, by the application of an accompanying charcoal preparation, developed into caricature likenesses of a remarkable order;

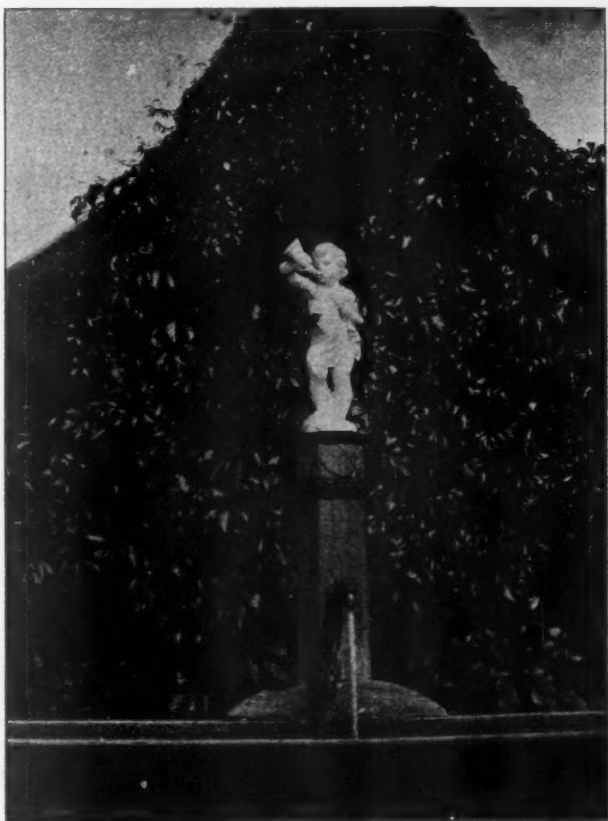


WASHING DAY.

the three packets—ladies, gentlemen, and children—enabling the operator to fit the likeness to the subject. So I gave the collection, with full directions for using, to Wilhelm, and by evening he had photographed his entire family and circle of acquaintances, to his and their great delight and the wonder of the village.

Early the next morning, a knock at our door ushered in the "pirate." He looked positively subdued, and politely "allowed himself to ask, had we found anywhere a blue cotton handkerchief? He had lost such a one, and was certain that he had worn it around his neck the day he came to be hired for camera-service. He thought he might have lost it in the room." The ladies were very sorry, they had not seen such a handkerchief in their room or anywhere else; if they found it before leaving, they would give it to the landlord for him. "Ah, yes, he allowed himself to thank them; it was a handkerchief he valued, and—he had seen the photograph which the respected lady had given to Wilhelm. It was fine! Ah, it was beautiful." The hint was so adroitly presented that, if the respected lady had had any magic-pictures left, she would certainly have then and there shamelessly bestowed them on the wily "pirate." It was with difficulty that we preserved serious faces while he made his farewells and bowed himself out, solicitous to the last about that convenient handkerchief.

Of course, such ardent travelers as ourselves were not remiss in their duty



BLOWING HIS HORN.

toward the orthodox sights of the place. "Magnificent library belonging to the Benedictine abbey," said the guide-book; "scores of thousands of volumes, wonderful illuminated missals, rare manuscripts, etc." Some little red tape in connection with obtaining entrance-tickets brought us in conversation with one of the Benedictine Fathers. When he learned our nationality, he took off his hat, and, making a courtly bow, said: "I salute the first American ladies I have ever seen." This was our introduction to a novel state of affairs. "Come! hurry, come! The Americans are going by!" would be the call at cottage doors as we passed through the village streets, and out would rush as many of the family as could leave

their household occupations, for a good look at the wonderful beings from the land of promise.

Under some circumstances, our position might not have been an enviable one; but the Styrians are a gracious people. The peasant you meet greets you with "Bless God!" and the little

on a near hillside. Some six miles of walking through the fragrant woods brought us out into a patch of open country and showed us the object of our trip, grown into a large church on the side of a quite respectably high mountain. We sat down to rest at a wayside shrine. Opposite the shrine was a comfortable-

looking farm-house, and to the door of the latter came presently a middle-aged woman evidently the farm-mistress, who eyed us with respectful interest. The day was warm, we were thoroughly tired, and the farm-house suggested pleasant possibilities of refreshment. After a few words of friendly greeting with the woman, we asked her what she could give us. "Fresh milk, as much as we pleased," and she brought out an immense ladleful, boiled to raggedness, which is the only way considered wholesome in that part of the world, and beer-mugs to drink it from.

While we sipped the milk, which was good despite its thickened condition, the woman stood in front of us—one hand holding the ladle, and the other comfortably on her hip. Her husband, chopping wood beside the house, kept on stolidly with his work, while his good



THE WAYSIDE SHRINE.

country girl or boy says: "I kiss your hand!" So they were always smiling friendly faces which peered after us so curiously that we really longed to wear war-paint, feather headgear, scalping-knives, so remorsefully did we feel that our observers were getting very little for their trouble.

One morning, we started off for an excursion to what appeared a tiny chapel

frau tried by a few leading questions to satisfy her curiosity concerning the strangers. Soon we allowed our nationality to transpire. Her astonishment surpassed our most sanguine expectations. At the sound of the magic word "America," down went the ladle, up went her arms, and she called wildly to her husband: "Gott in Himmel! Come here, thou, and see Americans!" He

dropped his axe and hastened to the spot, as if Americans were a kind of bird liable to take sudden flight. And there we sat for at least twenty minutes, feeling very ridiculous while the simple-hearted pair stood gazing first at us, then at each other, and every few seconds ejaculating in awed tones: "Americans! Americans!"

After a while, seeing that we were perfectly tame and to all appearances civilized, they asked the question which we felt sure was coming—the question which on such occasions never failed to follow the first outburst of surprise: "How much does it cost to get to America?" We gave them various items of information as to traveling expenses, and stood quite a catechising about time-tables: for on that point they were incredulous. It was too much to ask them to believe that under favorable circumstances one could get from Admont to America in a fortnight.

Their son, they told us, was a mountain-guide. "Could one find edelweiss in the mountains near by?" we asked. "Plenty," said the woman, "but only in dangerous places." However, if we wanted a curious Alpine plant, she could show us something far more rare than edelweiss, which her son had brought home from his last expedition; and, going over to the house, she returned with a little pitcher containing a weedy-looking stalk of small whitish flowers. "Speck," she called it, as nearly as we could understand. We paid for the milk, declined to buy the speck, which we hoped some botanist would come along and secure, and went on our way. Glancing back after having traveled some little distance, there were our two friends still standing awe-struck and unwilling to lose the last possible sight of the Americans.

But we never had to walk far from our hotel to find woodland scenery, for Admont boasts a public park of which many a city might be proud. Years ago, before the village existed, the grounds of the Benedictine abbey stretched far and wide about its buildings. As dwelling-houses grew up to the convent walls, the

good Fathers, reserving for themselves only a small portion of their former pleasance, threw open all the rest to the people. It must be the observance of an unwritten regulation which protects the fruit and vegetable gardens from invasion, for their guards are barely sufficient to mark their boundaries.

Saturday afternoon, we spent in the park. First, there was the lovely shrine of Saint Blasius to be photographed; then there were shady walks to explore, a little pond to circumnavigate, a peasant family to exchange a few words with. They were trundling home a load of hay in a hand-cart, and stopped long enough to inquire respectfully how much it cost to get to America; then there were the mountains to be looked at afresh, for with new foregrounds they almost seemed to take new forms and new places.

In a far corner of the grounds was an old summer-house of invitingly restful appearance. A near approach, however, showed it to be already tenanted. Sitting with his elbows on the table, and his head on his hands, was a little fellow who might have been some eleven years old. A well-dressed lad, evidently of gentle nurture, and completely lost in reading the book which lay open before him. Our footsteps passing his retreat brought him back to Admont surroundings. As he lifted his lovely dark eyes and gave us a courteous greeting, my companion remarked: "What an industrious boy!" "Ah, lady," said he, frankly, "this is not a lesson-book; it is a story." We both drew near to see what story could exercise such a charm over a healthy wide-awake boy as to draw him from the holiday merry-making of all the other lads in the village, to the most deserted corner of an old monastery garden. Grimm probably, we thought it would be, or Hans Andersen, who had taken the child to fairy-land; but, shades of our own childhood! there, in a garb of German text, was the immortal "Robinson," open at that shudderingly thrilling page of the footprint on the sand!

The little man's eyes were round and bright; and his cheeks pink with excite-

ment. We hurried on, so as not to delay the moment of his introduction to that most delightful of savages—Friday. And as we continued our walk, the old garden seemed changed—not near so far away from America as it had been; and the reading boy was no longer a strange little Austrian, but belonged by a kind of natural right among the hosts of English and American children who also spend holiday hours with the ever dear castaway on that enchanting island.

Saturday night, during the summer months at Admont, resembles the night Lord Byron saw at Lake Lemán, in that it is not made for slumber. The guides come down from the mountains, the village people seem glad to see them, and they all have a lovely time, singing Tyrolean songs and playing on Tyrolean stringed instruments.

Sunday brought much that was charming in the way of peasant costumes, but the only beautiful Styrian women among the working classes are the young ones. There seemed no medium between fresh-faced girls and bent, toil-worn, elderly matrons. The men are usually fine-looking and constantly suggest Defregers paintings. Their heavy and generally much-patched boots give a touching significance to the verse of poetry which the Admont village cobbler has caused to be inscribed on the outside of his house. It is printed in large ornamental letters under the picture of his patron saint, and runs thus: "I hope in the Lord, and in Him I put my trust. I would rather make new than to mend old."

Sunday's high Mass at the abbey

church was largely attended. Most interesting to us of all the congregation were a score or so of rather rough-looking men in uniform gray dress, who were marched in and out of church like so many school-boys; but school-boys they were not, for their years seemed to range from twenty on to middle-age; neither was the uniform a military one, for they wore no side-arms, and their healthy able-bodied appearance forbade an asylum or hospital solution of the problem. They looked in fairly good spirits and went off in the custody of their guardians with quite a festive air. Questioning the landlord at dinner-time, he replied with positive pride: "Ah, ladies, those are the prisoners from our jail." After that, we rather expected to meet the jail out for a constitutional, or—properly ciceroned, of course—on its way to a picnic. But the prisoners did not look at all vicious and were probably doing penance for nothing more serious than too much tavern conviviality.

Sunday was our last day at Admont. We journeyed away from it early the next morning, sped by many a kindly farewell from friendly stranger lips, and rather thankful for the drizzling rain which hid from us the now familiar landscape; because we had taken our real leave of it the evening before, when, in the Sabbath quiet which settled down on the village, we watched the mountains turn pink and lilac and then silvery gray, as the sun gave place to the moon in lighting them up. Then and there we said good-bye to Admont and "benedicite" for all that it had given us.



HER GRANDMOTHER'S BONNET.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

EVERYBODY'LL be there," said Farmer Bascombe, as he swallowed his last mouthful of berry-pie and rose from the table. "The old church'll be full to crowdin'. I says to Deacon Snyder that he'd better see that there was benches handy to 'bring in, in case we'd want 'em for the aisles; 'n' it's likely we will, for, as I said, everybody'll be there."

Grandma Bascombe had also finished her dinner and was just going out of the dining-room into the little yellow-painted entry from which the back-stairs wound upward.

She climbed them briskly, step by step. She did not resemble her slow, easy-going, ruddy-faced son, but was small and slight, her thin brown face brightened by a pair of soft dark eyes and a gentle smile.

But the smile was a very grave one now. In fact, Grandma Bascombe looked almost melancholy.

"Isaac says that everybody'll be at church to-morrow," she soliloquized, as she paused a minute at the head of the landing and glanced mechanically at the tall clock which had ticked away so many days and years of her life. "Everybody," she continued, "'ll be there—'ceptin' me! Some folks don't seem to think that I want to go, or can go anywheres! I don't calkilate to complain, for I'm well treated by him an' her an' the help; but they've all got to thinkin' that I'm kinder out o' the world, so to speak. Of course, I got laid up last winter when I had the grip an' pneumony, an' it wa'n't safe for me to venture out; an' so I got to settin' alone Sundays, while the rest was away to church. 'Twa'n't so bad—I had my Bible 'n' hymn-book; an' when I got tired o' readin', why, I could jest look out o' the winder 'n' see things. Some folks wouldn't have taken much comfort in that, but I did. There'd be the ici-

cles to watch—a great shinin' fringe of 'em on the wing of the house, an' the sun'd shine through 'em, meltin' 'em bit by bit, 'n' sometimes one of them'd fall an' break like splintered diamonds.

"Then, when the snow-storms'd come, I liked to watch the whirlin' flakes; they alwus made me think o' singin'-schools 'n' sleigh-rides 'n' spellin'-bees. 'N' when spring come, it was interestin' to watch the big drifts meltin' away, an' the grass beginnin' to peep out, an' hear the crows up by the hill-pastur', an' the chickens in the barnyard, an' to see the buds on the trees swellin' an' growin' redder 'n' redder. An' I was jest as anxious as little Bessie downstairs to see an' hear the first robin!

"But, sence the real genooine warm weather has come, I don't hanker after settin' alone. My cough has all gone. I eat hearty—they root bitters Isaac's wife made for me were powerful for tonin' up o' the appetite. I don't see but what I'm jest as well as ever, an' I must say I'd like to go to church! Especially now that it's been fixed up with new-cushioned pews an' new carpet, an' Mandy Norton's—she that was my old schoolmate, Mandy Barker—boy's goin' to preach; that is, he's goin' to be installed to-morrow. My! it'd do me good to be there! Mandy 'n' I was sech great friends! She 'n' Nathan Norton stood up when Eben an' me was married; an' that young minister that is to be, when he was only a little three-year-old—Roger, they called him—why, I used to think lots of him! An' if I do say it myself," complacently smoothing down her gingham apron, "I nigh about saved his life once! Croup it was, an' Mandy was about scared to death! She sent for me, an' I run over with goose-grease an' onions an' ipecac. My! how I worked over that child! He was that choked that more'n once—well, I didn't ever expect to hear him preach the Gospel! But they say he's grown to be a

real clever young man now. I for one'd like to hear him preach. I s'pose there'll be lots of other ministers there—one to preach the charge to the minister, one to preach to the people, an' some to help with prayers an' readin' o' hymns. Oh, it'll be a fine thing!"

By this time, Grandma Bascombe had reached her room. It was in the upper southwest corner of the house, a large square apartment with two sunny windows, a yellow-painted floor with gay home-made rugs here and there, in one corner a tall chest of drawers with brass knobs, and in the other a high-posted bed, and plenty of rocking-chairs, with comfortable Turkey-red cushions in them, scattered around invitingly. The white fringed curtains at the windows were spotlessly clean. An old-fashioned blue china bowl, filled with fragrant buff peonies, stood on one sill; a ball of red yarn and a half-knit stocking, with four shining needles stuck in it, were on the other.

But Grandma Bascombe, usually so industrious, did not take up her knitting-work, as was her habit, after dinner. Instead, she put on her spectacles, and, going to the mantel-shelf, took down another blue bowl, the counterpart of the one holding the peonies. This contained various articles—a lump of beeswax, a spice-apple, a strawberry emery, some buttons, and a bunch of keys.

After much deliberation, she selected one of the latter, and, going to the chest of drawers, unlocked it, bringing into view a large brown and pink bandbox, which with some difficulty she carried over to the bright window-corner.

"That 'ere bandbox, Sandy," said Grandma Bascombe, to the big yellow cat, who was curled up in one of the coziest rockers, "that 'ere bandbox's older'n I be! It was bought in Albany by my father 'n' mother. They went down there from Uticky on the old turnpike road—it was quite a journey in them days. Nothin' like that mad tearin' 'Empire State express' that dashes by here every day at 'most sixty miles an hour! But land! in them days,

folks had time to spare to make things good, an' that's the reason that this band box's lasted so. See how stout it is, Sandy? You can't tear it to flinders with your claws, so you needn't try! And," turning it around, "there's pictures on it. My mother told me what they was. That row of houses is State Street, Albany, and them is the trees."

By this time, grandma had carefully removed the cover, and, reaching in, she drew forth a large black bonnet with a scoop-shovel front and a sort of lace Niagara in the back. She propped it up with her lean brown fist and eyed it critically.

"Now that bunnit is jest as good as it ever was!" she said, earnestly. "The satin in it is good black, the ribbon genooine silk, no cotton back, an' the lace is real thread. The only trouble is that folks don't wear that shape nowadays. I don't see why! It's so sensible! Front keeps off the sun, and the lace cape keeps off the wind from blowin' on one's neck. But it won't do," shaking her head solemnly. "Even old Mis' Deacon Snyder don't wear this kind—she had a kind o'—o'—modern one on, the day she called. I couldn't help noticin' it; it was purty an' becomin'. She said her son's wife made it for her.

"Now, 'twa'n't right, but I must own to feelin' a bit jealous, an' says I to myself: 'I wish that somebody'd think o' doin' that fur me!' But it's mean of me, 'cause I know that the folks to our house is awful busy; livin' on a farm makes so much work. But what really vexes me is that Isaac an' the rest on 'em don't seem to think but what I'm too old to go anywheres; but I ain't! I'm jest as spry as I ever was!" This last with increased energy and agility, as she stooped to cuff the ears of Sandy, who, having taken an unusual interest in the antiquated bonnet, was beginning playfully to chew the lace frills.

"Jest as spry as ever I was!" continued the old lady. "And if only I could have that bunnit fixed up suthin' like folks wear nowadays, I'd surely go to meetin' to-morrow and see leetle Roger

Norton installed. I wonder," here her face brightened somewhat, "I wonder if I couldn't fix that bunnit myself. I never had much knack at sech work. I never could pucker up lace and sech frumpery so's it was fit to be seen, and as for makin' bows—well, my bows always looked as though they'd been soldered on! But now maybe I could fix this if I had one o' Eleanor's fashion-books to go by. Believe I will try!"

And, placing the big bonnet carefully out of Sandy's reach, grandma went down the hall to her granddaughter's room.

Now, it so happened that, on this particular afternoon, pretty Eleanor Bascombe was engaged in an undertaking similar to that proposed by her aged relative, viz., bonnet-making. She had been busy doing housework all the forenoon, and, after the dinner-dishes were washed, she had hurried up to her room; and now, arrayed in a tidy comfortable wrapper, had on her lap a bewildering array of white tulle, ivory-tinted ribbon, and the daintiest of artificial flowers.

If Dame Rumor were truthful, then it must be understood that Miss Eleanor had an unusual interest in the clever young divine who was to be the cynosure of all eyes on the morrow, and so it was quite natural that she should be desirous of appearing at her very best. Hence the creation of this pretty hat was to be called to her aid.

So absorbed in her work was she, that at first she did not hear her grandmother's gentle tap; but when at last the old lady ventured to push the door open and peer shyly in, she sprang up, saying cordially:

"Why, grandma! is that you? Come right in and take this easy-chair. I thought you and Sandy were taking your usual nap!"

"No," said grandma, with a decided shake of the head. "I wa'n't calkilate to lay down this afternoon. It's a silly waste o' time anyhow, an' I only got into it when I was gettin' over the pneumony. But land! I don't need to sleep day-times now! I'm real strong—so strong that," looking in a hesitating deprecatory way at Eleanor, "that I was thinkin'

maybe—perhaps—well, I'd kind o' got it on my mind to go to church to-morrow!"

"You have?" Eleanor exclaimed, in surprise. Then, seeing that the old lady looked a little crestfallen, she continued briskly: "Why, that will be real nice! It'll seem like old times to have you go with us again. I've missed you ever so much the past year. You know, I've always sat beside you in the pew ever since I was a wee bit of a girl. You used to be so good to me then, grandma, and let me lay my head in your lap and take naps on the sly, and you always kept a sprig of fennel or dill for me to nibble on!"

Grandma Bascombe looked pleased.

"My sakes! what a memory you have got, child! I do think you'll make a fust-rate minister's wife! But really, now, Eleanor, you don't think that there'll be any harm in my going to-morrow, do you?"

"Not a thing to hinder," promptly.

"An' if I go," grandma continued, with energy, "I want to go decent! My bombazine gown is all right, so is my black grenadine shawl; though, if it's chilly, I'll wear the cashmere one. But, Eleanor, my bunnit's what bothers me! It's quite out of the fashion. Not that I want to set in the top notch o' style, but I don't want to look like Noah's wife nor his daughters-in-law! It's nigh fifteen years since that bunnit was made, an' it's goin' on two sence I wore it, which was to 'Bijah Pettibone's funeral, an' I'm sure that two of the Buckley gals laughed at it then, even if it was a solemn occasion! It was disgraceful of 'em, but it made me say to myself that I'd never wear the bunnit till it was fixed—an' I won't! But there's powerful good material to it, an' I thought that I could fix it up, if you'd let me take some of your fashion-books," hesitatingly.

"Certainly—dozens of them," bringing out an armful from her closet.

"Seems to me I had ought to find some idees in all that pile!" said Grandma Bascombe, smiling.

But she didn't. A quarter of an hour later, when Eleanor went to borrow the

"strawberry emery," she found her grandmother sitting disconsolately in front of the bed, upon which was spread a pile of opened magazines and papers.

"Deary me, Eleanor! I've looked and looked, an' can't find a single thing suitable for an old woman like me! I wonder if them editors think that only young folks are alive? Look at them bunnits! Imagine me with sech scraps o' things on my head! Ain't any on 'em big enough to cover the bald place on my crown! Sech funny names as they've got, too. That 'turban' is about as big as your pa's cuff an' collar box, with a pigeon's wing stuck bolt-upright at the back! An' them other bunnits—toque—ain't that the name on 'em? They ain't bigger'n a good-sized June-bug with ribbon strings tied to him! I must say that there ain't a single comfortable bunnit amongst the hull lot! So, I can't find nothin' to go by! I s'pose, if I had a natural gift at millinery, I could make up suthin' out o' my own head; but I ain't! So, I may as well give up my idee o' goin' to meetin'. Maybe it was silly, after all." And, with a very sober look on her face, grandma began to fold the magazines into a neat pile, after which she took up the big old-fashioned bonnet, smoothed its lace and ribbons with fingers that trembled a little, and then began to lay it in the pink and brown "State Street" bandbox.

Grandma's face was not the only sober one. Eleanor's, too, was very grave. She was having an inward struggle. She glanced across the hall into her own pretty room, where lay all the bewitching array awaiting only the touch of her skillful fingers. She looked at the clock. So little time to spare! She could not possibly make two bonnets that afternoon! And she had anticipated so much pleasure in the making and wearing of her own. She knew just how it would look—the soft billowy tulle, with feathery clematis twining around it, the spotless satin ties coming down by her pretty ears and the rounded pink curve of cheek and chin. She wanted to look so nice at Roger's ordination—

could anyone blame her? But then, life was so full and fair and sweet for her! And grandma was old—there was little of earthly joy for her. In fact, she had not had very much even in the past, for Eleanor had often heard from others of the long life of widowhood, toil, and self-denial that her children might be well reared; and she knew, too, that her father's present prosperity was in a great measure owing to his mother's frugality and faithfulness.

Surely, after all, it was a very little thing to do—to give up her own bit of pleasure for grandma's dear sake!

By this time, the old lady had put the cover on the "State Street" bandbox and was tying it down with a bit of stout twine, preparatory to putting it back in the chest of drawers, when the girl's slim white fingers were laid on her brown wrinkled ones.

"Don't put it away, grandma!" said Eleanor, coaxingly. "Suppose you let me try to fix it."

"But you—" Grandma ended her sentence by a glance into the opposite room, where lay the dainty half-finished bonnet.

"Oh, never mind that!" cheerily. "I can do that next week! But now let me take this antediluvian hat of yours, and you go and take your nap, like a dear; and when you wake up, I'll warrant that you'll be surprised at the metamorphosis I'll have made!"

Grandma Bascombe looked pleased, but a little dubious too.

"If a—a metamorphosis—is anything like a—a toque or one of them 'ere turbans, I don't want it!" she said, slowly but emphatically.

"Oh, it isn't!" laughing. "It's very much nicer!"

"Very well. I know I can trust you, Eleanor; an' indeed it's very kind of you to take so much pains for a whimsical old woman like I be—I shan't fidget it, neither!"

Grandma lay down composedly for her nap; and Eleanor, with the big black bonnet tucked under her arm, went back to her own room. She put away the delicate lace, ribbon, and flowers of her

own bonnet, and began to work on the more sombre headgear.

But it could hardly be called "sombre," when, after two hours' steady labor, she held it up for her grandmother's inspection.

As there are lots of old ladies all over our land who would be delighted with just such a bonnet, I wish I could fitly describe it. Eleanor had cut and bent the frame into something like a modern shape, but it was still large enough to cover the head fairly well, front and back, and yet not too large to appear odd or old-fashioned. It was, in short, a neat, snug little bonnet, with shirrings of black lace, loops and knots of lustrous ribbon, and in front there was a dainty quilling of narrow white satin ribbon nestling like tiny buds in a border of soft crepe lisse. It was something very different from the common stiff widow's-cap.

And, on the day of the installation, when grandma, chipper as an elderly sparrow, came downstairs, wearing this same pretty bonnet, together with her

neat black gown, with a spotless lawn kerchief folded across her breast, and dainty white ruffles in her sleeves—improvements which Eleanor had also made—the rest of the family were greatly surprised.

"Why, mother! is that you?" exclaimed her son. "What have you been doing to yourself? You look twenty-five years younger!"

"She certainly does, Isaac!" added his wife. "She looks as nice and stylish as Mis' Jedge Delancy! Why, it does beat all!"

"'Twa'n't me!" said grandma. "It was that blessed child Eleanor there!" pointing the handle of her parasol toward the young girl, who, in her old but still pretty hat of the season previous, stood smiling at the surprise of the family. "It was Eleanor that made my bunnit," grandma continued. "She is a dear good child, that's what she is! I wish there was more like her in this world; then old ladies like me'd git a chance o' havin' a bit o' comfort now an' then, same's other folks!"



MY DREAM.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

O LOVE, I dreamed, last night, that I was dead,
But could not rest, because of thy sad tears
And grief for me. I might not close my ears
To thy poor voice. And this the prayer I said:

"God comfort him! If I must lie here, dead,
O, pity him, and give him quick release
From grief. Send some sweet messenger of peace,
And love, and hope to soothe him, in my stead!"

God's radiant bow of promise arched above
My grave; His voice said unto me. "Behold!
Thy prayer is heard!" I saw thee, as of old,
Happy—but in another woman's love!

My prayer was heard! But God's wise way, it seemed,
Was not my way; for now my own heart broke,
My dead lips cried aloud, and—I awoke,
And wept for joy, that I had only dreamed!

WHY THE WALKING WAS GOOD.

BY WM. ARCH. MCCLEAN.



ADAM ROHRBAUGH was a Pennsylvania Dutchman of twenty-three years of age. He was a farmer, of large frame, florid complexion, tawny hair, and walked with a swag. He was a plain homely fellow. There was a peculiar brogue in his speech. His parents, when making periodical visits to the county-seat, talked a poor English. At home, they spoke that unique of tongues, Pennsylvania Dutch—a good deal of Dutch, a little German, and, where an English word suited best, it had full sway in the polyglot.

For years, Ad had been doing the greater part of the work on the home farm, but was about making up his mind that it was time now for him to go to farming for himself. To do that, he must have a wife. There was one girl he wanted, but as yet he had not found the courage to ask her. He was afraid she might say she preferred Jake Pottorff to him. Elizabeth Pfatz was a large rosy-cheeked girl, known to everyone as "Liz." Ad and Jake were rivals in their attentions to her, besides being a favorite with many other sons of farmers in the neighborhood.

Ad was in a good humor, one October day. There was to be a singing down at the school-house. He had been over to see Liz about it that afternoon. He had come upon her down in the orchard. After grinning at her for a few moments, in a hesitating way he had said:

"Liz, are you going to the singing next week?"

"I don't know; maybe."

"Anyone going with you?"

"That's none of your put. Can take myself, if I want to go."

"I just thought, if you hadn't company, you wouldn't mind going with me."

"Perhaps I mightn't."

"Can I come and take you, then?"

"If you want to, you can."

"Well, I want to; but do you want to go with me?"

"Yes, if you want to take me."

So it was settled. On the evening in question, Ad rode to the home of Liz, prepared to take her to singing. He was astride a young work-horse of his father's. The horse was big of bone and broad of back. There was a saddle on the horse; behind it, a blanket was strapped on the animal.

He tied his horse along the front fence, entered the yard, passed around the house, and knocked at the kitchen door. It was opened by the girl. Ad had backed off from the door and stood there awkwardly as he said:

"Most ready, Liz?"

"Pretty near, Ad. Come in."

"I'll just stay out here."

"All right. I'll be 'long in a minute," she answered, closing the door.

In a moment, she made her appearance, ready for the journey. As they straggled toward the horse, Ad said:

"Get up here, Liz, on that rail."

"Is your horse quiet?" she asked.

"Yes," he drawled.

"Sure he won't scare or jump?"

After further assurance from Ad, the girl climbed up on the top rail of a fence. Ad rode the horse up along the fence. Taking a hand of the girl, she was soon seated behind him on the blanket, with both feet dangling on one side of the horse, and with no way to balance herself except by a grip on Ad in front.

Away they went, jogging along, now on a little pace, again Ad would coax the horse into a trot, and, as Liz and he bounced up and down, arms flying, peals of laughter rang out on the evening air, with cries of Liz:

"Oh, don't, Ad! I'll fall off! I'm falling—indeed I am!"

Then Ad would bring the horse to a walk, declaring he could not help it that the horse started off so.

Once, on a pleasant piece of road, Ad pulled the horse into a lope, notwithstanding Liz's pleadings and assertions that she would never go with him again. He replied:

"Oh, this is fine, Liz. Hold on tight."

The tighter she held him by his coat, the better pleased he was. It was while thus cantering along, Jake Pottorff made his appearance from a cross road. At sight of Liz holding on to Ad, he was enraged, and, digging his feet in his horse's sides, he passed the riders on a run without the slightest recognition.

Arriving at the school-house, Liz slid off the horse. Ad tied his horse and joined the boys on the outside of the building, many of whom had brought their girls on horseback behind them. Meanwhile, Liz had gone inside, where the girls were. The singing had begun before those outside ventured in.

The singing was half over when Ad noticed Jake slip out the room. Jake had come alone and taken a back seat. He was in a sullen disagreeable mood. He had made up his mind that Liz would not hold on to Ad going home. He would spoil Ad's fun.

It was dark when the meeting was over, with the exception of the dim light of a small crescent. The boys rushed out of the school-house and awaited around its door for the appearance of the girls. As each made her appearance, the boy that had brought that girl made a rush for her, and, catching her by arm or hand, led her off.

Ad succeeded in catching Liz, and hurried her off toward his horse. The animal was restless, had pawed the ground and stamped around as far as the hitching-strap would let him. Ad, untying the horse, led it out, telling Liz to get up on a rail of a dimly seen fence he pointed to. She obeyed him.

Ad first tried to ride up to the fence. As often as he did so and Liz made any attempt to mount, the horse shied off or jumped away. Becoming exasperated, Ad dismounted and tried to push the horse up to the fence. Again and again he failed to get the horse near enough

for the girl to mount. At last, Liz said:

"It's no use, Ad; we'll have to walk."

There was no other alternative. It was three miles to her home. So Ad led the horse, throwing the bridle-rein over one arm. With the other hand, he took a hand of the girl, and they started off.

"I tell you what, Liz, the night is boss. I believe I would like to walk the rest of my life on a night like this."

"Oh, you would get tired."

"No, I wouldn't; not with you."

After another silence, Ad said:

"Liz, I heard tell that old Bosserman's farm was for rent. What would you think if I took a notion to rent it?"

"Land's sake, Ad!"

Another pause. Again:

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Land's sake alive!"

There was a smothered sound of laughing.

"What do you think?" Ad insisted.

"Oh, you are joking, Ad," she replied.

"No, I'm not, Liz. I'm in dead earnest. If you will say the word, I'll rent the farm to-morrow, and we'll begin as soon as we could get things fixed. We'd be married, you know. Are you agreed, Liz?"

Ad gave the hand a tighter squeeze. At the same time, he somehow jerked the bridle on his other arm. The horse reared up, and Ad lost the answer of the girl. It must have been satisfactory, as in the shadow of a willow-tree entered soon afterward there were suspicious sounds, and at the home of Liz, as she stood at the gate, Ad, lingering, said:

"The walking couldn't have been better to-night, could it, Liz?"

And the girl laughed.

As Ad unsaddled his horse, he found under the blanket, on the back of the horse, a quantity of prickly burrs—the cause of the unrest of the animal—and he commented:

"Well, I'll be switched! if it hadn't been for Jake, I wouldn't have known how good the walking was to-night."

THE ADVOCATE OF HIS FATHER.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.



T annoyed the doctor that his sister's visit should be brought to a sudden close through the foolishness of his daughter. Miss Theodosia had a pot of money, and there was no reason under the sun why it should not come to Carolyn. Not that he would have owned that on this score most of all was he annoyed because of Carolyn's foolishness, but humanity is humanity, and when a man's unmarried sister is of that age when she is made happy for a week on meeting a friend she has not seen for twenty years who tells her he would have known her anywhere, and has by good luck doubled her patrimony and is only too well interested in charities for the survival of the unfit, besides being highly churchly and in danger of being "preached to death by wild curates," he has a right to feel a little uncertain when the natural heir obscures her chances by a chance bit of nonsense. Carolyn's own opinion was that it was not her bit of nonsense that determined Miss Theodosia's departure to her beloved Philadelphia, but that it was her dislike of Dan. Dan was the doctor's new driver and factotum, who had come a week previous to Miss Theodosia's arrival.

"She hates him," said Carolyn. "Even when he is driving us, her eyes, full of fire, are on his back. It must be that he is not bad enough for her."

"That is a fault which time will rectify," observed the doctor, who prided himself on being a reader of character and who distrusted a servant with whom he could not find fault. "I suppose he is a good deal in the house, and your aunt is not used to having a man around."

"If she had him," retorted Carolyn, with an air of conviction, "she'd have him outside, scouring the white steps of her house and her solid white shutters—keeping 'the front' clean. I wonder

why it is Philadelphians call it 'the front'?"

"Perhaps because it is not the back," answered her father, and looked at his manuscript, a hint which never failed of clearing the room of his women-folk.

Of course it was Carolyn's foolishness, and not Dan, though the man was so utterly respectable that Miss Theodosia, who liked total depravity, may have resented that. But Carolyn's foolishness was the main thing, and the doctor feared to make that too patent, or the girl would have from him all the story which he used to think might possibly be his sister's. For Carolyn did love stories and had an unfortunate faculty of discovering resemblances between people. This latter fault of hers had got her into several scrapes, not the least of which was her finding such a likeness to Apollo in "Billy" Culbertson that she became his fiancée, and her seeing the counterpart of Dan in that old photograph of Radcliffe.

The doctor had forgotten that the album was in existence, that book of thirty years back, in which in different stages of vacuous expression of countenance reposed the portraits of his college class. Carolyn came running to him, a carte de visite in her hand, which she held up and asked about. He gave a glance at the thing and said "Radcliffe." Carolyn had never heard of the man, and yet she seemed cheered. She looked at the picture, laughed, and left the room.

The doctor was busy with that deep paper on microbes, and yet the resurrection of Radcliffe turned his mind from the small enemies of mankind about which he was writing, to one of mankind's larger if not so insidious enemy, the man whose picture his daughter had brought to him. He and Radcliffe had been chums and classmates at "Jeff," and Radcliffe had forged Theodosia's name and decamped.

For a few years, the doctor had now and then heard of the man—a gambler, a blackleg—and then he had lost him and all thought of him. And yet Carolyn's coming to him with the picture brought so much up to him. He laid down his pen and leaned back and thought. Before him came Radcliffe's handsome boyish face with the wonderful brown eyes that forced you to excuse him even when some of his vagaries incensed you. The doctor could hear the merry careless laugh yet, the laugh that was always ready for praise or censure, the laugh that made even the grave clinic professors smile, and sent a strange soft light into Theodosia's eyes. Theodosia had been young then, people said pretty; though the doctor, with brotherly lack of sight, never noticed if she were fair or not. How Radcliffe used to hang about Theodosia, making promise after promise to do better, and, in his fits of remorse, after a protracted bout, would make her helpless by talking about his mother, who wrote every week from her far Western home and ended every letter with "God bless you, my darling." Theodosia thought a man must be good at bottom if his mother could love him so dearly.

Theodosia was always a fool regarding weaknesses of men. In women she excused little—every divergence from strict conventionality she considered an evidence of their fallen nature; even when Carolyn changed the spelling of the last syllable of her pre-nomen, Miss Theodosia wrote two letters from Philadelphia, passionately offering the girl's great-grandmother's tombstone in Christ Church ground in contradiction of the right to merge "ine" into "yn." But with men, she was another person; all her charities had to do with reformatories for the male sex, and at one time her brother accused her of knowing hardly a respectable man except himself. The doctor went to the trouble to find out that Dan during his leisure hours haunted bucket-shops and purchased tickets for lotteries, and had one or two other failings which should have endeared him to Miss Theodosia. On the contrary, she

had from the first evinced the strongest antipathy to him, refusing to address him or have him speak to her even when it was necessary; for, when she visited her brother, she always assumed the role of housekeeper, and the underlings came to her for orders. Ah, if it had not been for Radcliffe—The doctor started; why should he think of his old-time recalcitrant friend? He wished Carolyn would mind her own business and not go rumaging around and digging up ghosts; the next thing, she would be coming across some of his own old love-letters from—well, a girl he used to know before he moved from the city of his birth to the metropolis. If she found those letters, she might trot them out some evening and quote from them, and her father be asked to admire the sentiment of the quotations, never dreaming their source. It would be great fun for "Billy" Culbertson, who required to be amused, being a much overworked club-man and an authority on coats and athletics.

Culbertson was in the drawing-room this evening, too, when Carolyn's foolishness came to the surface. They were all there, and Culbertson, as usual, had asked Theodosia with breathless interest some questions regarding her native town and the doctor's, and if it were true that on Sundays the people wore felt shoes.

"Unless they have no feet," answered Theodosia.

It took Culbertson some time to see the point of this; but Carolyn, being of the family, saw it at once and resented it.

"And," pursued Culbertson, who enjoyed it, "do you really have to have a grandfather over there before anybody will notice you?"

"Well," said Theodosia, looking him straight in the face, "we have not infringed upon any other city's patent for spontaneous creation."

Culbertson's father was "self-made."

Carolyn looked bored and began talking about football, touch-downs, fouts, and the like; and when she waxed eloquent over mobbing the referee, Miss Theodosia remembered a letter she had to write and went away. Then it was that Carolyn's foolishness came out.

"Wait till she gets to her room," she said. "There's a surprise in store for her there—the picture of a friend."

The doctor, who had been thinking of his microbe paper during the talk of the others, picked up a review and wished he did not have to take his daughter to the ball to-night. Carolyn and Culbertson relapsed into the cool low voice of people in their position. After a while, the doctor rose to go and consult "Webster" as to the meaning of a tremendous word a brilliant young fellow had used in the review; the doctor thought he might incorporate the word in his paper on microbes.

In the library he found his sister. Miss Theodosia was ghastly. She had a card in her hand; it was the photograph of Radcliffe.

"I found this upon my mantel-piece," she said.

The doctor knew that, somehow or other, Carolyn was in for it now. Consequently he told Theodosia not to be a fool.

She looked at him without a word, which caused him to bluster all the more.

"I don't know why she did it," he said. "It's a piece of nonsense, that is all."

"What," asked Miss Theodosia, standing there small and uncompromising, not a fold of her soft silk gown rustling, her delicate thin hands with bright rings on them clasped over the picture, her blue eyes fixed on her brother, "what have you told her?"

"Told her!" repeated the doctor, understanding her. "For heaven's sake, Theodosia, for what do you take me? Am I going through the world telling worn-out stories, like a professional diner-out?"

Miss Theodosia went up to the fire while the doctor was speaking of the old album and Carolyn's coming to him with the carte, and laid the photograph upon the coals, where it shriveled and sank down between two glowing bituminous lumps, a little ball of bloated blackness.

"I shall go home to-morrow," she said, and turned and left the room.

The doctor was very much out of humor with his sister primarily, afterward with his daughter. Theodosia would never believe that he had not told Carolyn the history of Radcliffe, maybe embellishing it with those embroideries which attach to a story half-forgotten, making his sister ridiculous in the telling of it. He waited till he heard Culbertson go off to a club election, and then he sent for Carolyn and told her what had taken place.

"Why," she said in an astonished tone, "I put it there merely as a joke. I did not know she was so tetchy—though I ought to have known it by the way she treats Billy every time he speaks of her old Philadelphia and asks her if Fairmount Park is still the largest park in the world. Did you not notice the resemblance in that picture?"

"What resemblance?" asked the doctor irritably.

"I refer to the likeness to Dan," answered she. "Dan is very much like that man in the picture. What is his name—Whitecliffe?"

"I don't know why you should notice a servant's looks so much as to find resemblances to other people in them," said her father. "But suppose the likeness exists, where does the joke come in?"

"Aunt Dosie hates Dan," explained Carolyn; "and I thought, as she was always so quick with Billy—oh, I hardly know what I thought when I put the picture in her room! This family is wonderful for making mountains out of mole-hills."

"It may not be such a small mole-hill, after all," returned her father. "Your aunt sees this thing in her own way, not yours. She would never have recognized the likeness in Dan to a man she has not seen for thirty years."

"Then she must be asleep," cried she.

"You have waked her," retorted the doctor. "Radcliffe was a dishonorable man, and gave me considerable trouble. His name has not been mentioned between us in years. I wish you would go and apologize at once, telling her just how it was—go before you begin to dress for that ball."

Carolyn knew her father when he spoke thus. She went to her aunt's room.

"I'm awfully sorry, aunty," she began in her airiest manner.

"Sorry for what?" asked Miss Theodosia. "Has the referee mobbed Mr. Culbertson—or was it the right guard, the left tackle or the full-back?"

Carolyn smothered her indignation at this light reference to her fiancé. "I meant about that picture," she said.

Then Miss Theodosia was more positive than ever that the doctor had talked—and she had never known how he regarded her interest in Radcliffe.

"What picture?" she audaciously asked.

Carolyn was furious.

"That Whiteside man," she said. "I found it amongst papa's things, and I thought it looked like Dan. I know you hate Dan, and so I thought it would be a joke to put the picture—"

"Pardon me," interrupted her aunt. "May I ask why you should say I hate—I think your word is hate—your father's man?"

"Everybody can see that," answered Carolyn.

"In that case," said Miss Theodosia, "it would be foolish for me to question a universal verdict. As a matter of fact, I am not used to hating servants; I tolerate them. There," she went on, dismissing the subject. "I have made jokes myself in my life. Your father takes it too seriously. That's the way some of my own jokes have been taken. I believe you do not rise till noon; I shall leave at ten in the morning. Kiss me good-bye!"

But when she was alone Miss Theodosia sat before her fire, with compressed lips, her hands, that lay in her silk lap, clenched tightly. Why did that girl accuse her of hating her father's man? Why did she say everyone knew it? Did the doctor know it? If so, what cause did he ascribe to the hatred? If he had noticed the resemblance between the man and his old college friend, would that account for her dislike of the man in his eyes? The world knew that

Radcliffe had forged her name; what more did her brother guess? She had loved Radcliffe and she had let him see that she loved him, and on the strength of that mute confession he had robbed her purse, knowing that her confession made her powerless to punish him. She knew of no more cowardly act than his had been, no lower deed; it had burnt into her soul like molten steel, and in utter silence she had watched it wreck her heart. She had always believed until to-day that the doctor knew nothing of her love for the man, and this belief had been the oasis in the aridity of her bitter communing of spirit. But Carolyn's placing the picture on her mantelpiece told her that, in all probability, the doctor had some time grown reminiscent in his daughter's company and expatiated with a man's freedom upon certain phases of his sister's past life. Her resentment was strong upon her. She had been in this house two weeks, and she had suffered every minute of those two weeks, helplessly and gratuitously. She had indeed noticed the resemblance between her brother's man and the man whose photograph she had burned in the library. The likeness was startling, though she knew the doctor had not remarked it. But, then, she had never forgotten Radcliffe; his face abided with her, sometimes eluding her like a word thought of too much, and again starting out before her like "Mene, Mene," upon the living walls of her soul. She saw the great brown eyes of the young man—eyes like those of only one other man in the world, she thought; she noticed little actions, a turn of the head, that were idelibly photographed on her brain. And she had heard him laugh! There had been but one such laugh; a laugh ever ready for blame or praise. Who was this man Dan? She knew who he was, after one act of his, when she had been in the house only two days. After that nothing could have persuaded her that she was wrong in her surmise. And she was not so helpless in these days as she had been in the earlier. She could to-day strike a blow which would tell, and would create

a doubt in the doctor's mind if he ever believed that she had loved Radcliffe. Suppose she should go to him and tell him that Dan was Radcliffe's son, and that he was a thief, as his father had been before him, and had robbed the same woman. Would the doctor believe then that she had loved Radcliffe all these years? She sat in her room lost to her surroundings, letting her thought gnaw at her. When she became conscious that someone was knocking on the door, she knew that the knocking had been kept up some time without rousing her. She kept still, and at last the door opened.

"Aunt Dosie," said Carolyn softly, "are you asleep?"

"If I am," answered Miss Theodosia in her old manner, which quite delighted her and told her she might not have divulged so much after all, "If I am, then consider me somnambulistic and believing you have all your war-paint on. Going to make a joyful noise?"

"I am going," said her niece, "to the Sam Campbell-Graham's ball. Papa will take me, and Mr. Culbertson will join us later."

"Perhaps earlier," suggested Miss Theodosia, "seeing that it is nearly midnight now. Do you usually go to balls before breakfast?"

Carolyn laughed.

"I am so glad you are not angry with me," she said.

"An angry woman is never angry when you ask her if she is," returned Miss Theodosia. "Besides, in this case it is very sweet of you to think I am angry. You get that from our side of the house, your father's and mine—I grow sweeter and sweeter the angrier I make people. There, dear, go to your ball and be happy in dancing twenty or thirty miles, and come home deliciously exhausted. We can be young only once. And tell Mr. Culbertson when he comes to Philadelphia, as a sort of rest cure, I will not ask him to eat terrapin; after that he will be defenceless upon the subject of certain institutions inalienably dear to the hearts of my fellow-villagers—institutions which we

have not the courage to resist nor the impulse to resent. Good night!"

"I knew papa was fidgeting," Carolyn observed to herself as she went to meet her father, who waited for her at the carriage door.

Here Miss Theodosia had deceived her niece as she had thought she deceived the world so many years ago. When she heard the carriage rattle away she went to the library, late as it was. The house was still and the stairs creaked preternaturally loudly. The gas in the argand was turned low; she set it flaring and seated herself in the doctor's leather chair before the long mahogany table. She would wait up until her brother returned, which would be in about an hour; for he took Carolyn to balls and the like, and there left her with the Culbertson women, who chaperoned her and brought her home. He would come to the library to swear at the maids for not attending to the grate properly, as was his usual exercise before going to bed, and then she should spring her news upon him and insist upon the prosecution of his man. After that would he not say that she had cause for indignation over Carolyn's foolishness? Should she not in this way make him wince for any confessions regarding that old affair which he might have made to Carolyn respecting his guess at the nature of her feeling for Radcliffe? Indeed, believing that she should leave him without a leg to stand upon buoyed her up till, when she had been in the leathery atmosphere of the library some quarter of an hour, she almost felt that she ought to be grateful to the man Dan for what he had done. And yet when she heard a step in the room and she turned, expecting to see her brother, and saw his man instead, her feeling of gratitude was not dominant within her. He was quite white, and the whiteness made his brown eyes blaze as he confronted her.

"The door was open and I saw you here," he said. "I think you will pardon me for coming in. I have been trying to find you alone for several days. And now I have but a few minutes; the doctor said he did not need the carriage,

as he would walk home, and he will soon be here."

She looked at him. A turn of the head! his eyes! Why, every accent of his voice, the easy roll of his words, made it seem as though she lived back thirty years, and eyes like his searched her soul, accents like his touched her brain like music. He put his hand in his breast and took out a pocket-book. He opened this and took out a roll of notes, which he held toward her.

"Yours," he said. "I took them from your room."

She drew back, a cruel smile upon her lips.

A turn of the head! his eyes! The very deed done by that other man was perpetuated in this one, a piece of atavism which the doctor might be glad to study up. Doubt as to whose son this was? She had known him from the first time she had seen him.

"Suppose I refuse to take it," she said quietly.

"You surely have missed it?" he asked, astonished at her manner.

"And knew who took it," she answered, "knew it."

A flush sprang over his face, and left as quickly as it had come.

"I impressed you as being the dishonest one in the house," he said. "At any rate, I am grateful to you for shielding me. You have not told the doctor. Why?"

It was as though he had struck her a blow. Why had she not told the doctor? Up rose the face of that man of years ago, that man she had shielded so often—was he anything to her now?

The hat fell from the hand of the boyish fellow before her, the hat with the band of servitude upon it, and he had struggled to the table and knelt under the argand light, his head upon the mahogany, the money held out toward her.

"Take it, take it," he groaned. "I never stole before. I do not need money for myself; I did not take it for myself. I wanted it for my father."

Miss Theodosia may have made an exclamation of rage, for he lifted his head and looked at her.

"I know you do not believe me," he said. "You think it mere subterfuge. I am telling you the truth, indeed I am. My father was sick and in need of money; I have tried to make money at races, any way, for him—that is why I am a servant, to earn money for him. I knew about horses, there in the West, and I came here and answered the doctor's advertisement for a coachman. It was all I could do, I never learned any business. I was desperate; I could get nothing to do out there, for—my father was too well known there. Oh, believe what I say—my father was not always a good man, but he loved me and he was all I had, for my mother died years ago, and I tried to stand between him and the world that blamed him always. But he was not always bad, either; he once studied medicine, he told me. But he has been sick and wanted money, so I took yours. Yet I did not send it to him; even when a letter told me that he could hardly get the bare necessities of life, I could not send it. For I knew his life would not last much longer, and if I were a thief perhaps I should be helpless to plead for him, if there is any place in the hereafter where we may plead for those we love. A letter reached me to-day—it is all over with my father, he is dead. I want to be an advocate for him, if it is possible—an advocate."

His head went down to the table again, his outstretched hand still holding the money.

And Miss Theodosia? Suffice it to say that no one saw her face.

Neither knew how long that breathless silence lasted. All at once the kneeling boy felt a soft hand laid upon his head, while the money was gently removed from between his fingers.

"My poor boy!" she said, in such a voice that he broke into sobs that shook him from head to foot.

Miss Theodosia did not raise her hand from his head. A feeling of exaltation had come to her; it was almost as though that man of years ago had come to her before it was too late, and appreciated all that she had suffered for him.

"'An Advocate with the Father,' " she said in an awed voice. "An advocate for the father."

She hardly knew what she said after that, only that a calm was hers such as she had never felt before, and she was giving encouragement to a tried young soul, and advice and promise for the future with a feeling of joy that surpassed any feeling she had ever before experienced. Why joy? Was it because she thought this son a fitting advocate for thought this son a fitting advocate for his father, the purest there could be because the purest loving? There was no one else to be that advocate; she, with all the love that yet lingered for the man, could hate and be uncharitable; but this son making a criminal of himself through love of his father was the purest mediator there could be, if it were true, as an exclusive church believed, there could be mediation after death as well as before.

In her exaltation she yet knew that the young fellow before her would never know in what relation she had stood to his father, should never know that his name was Radcliffe, should never know that the name his father had taken after his flight from Philadelphia was not his own. Moreover, her brother must never know who the boy was, and that when Dan left him for better prospects he would still be in the dark, maybe thinking her new interest in the lad only another of her eccentricities. She did not care now if the doctor had always guessed that Radcliffe had been dear to her, she did not care if he knew it. But, most of all, there would henceforth be a bond between her and the son of the man she had loved with all the strength of her soul, and who could not have been utterly bad when his child could love him so deeply—as she had once argued he could not be utterly bad when he called forth such love from his mother.

She waited until the grief of Radcliffe's son expended itself, and then she dismissed him with a kindly quiet word. Her face was beautiful in the eyes of the boy as he left the room; in his eyes it

was a young face, a lovable face, not pale and pinched and cold as he had heretofore considered it. At the door he turned once more to look at her. She was standing at the mahogany table, one hand resting there, the other, whose bright rings flashed was buried in the fluff of lace about the neck of her gown. A smile of ineffable womanliness was upon her face. Taking this smile with him, he softly closed the door and was gone. Then it was that Miss Theodosia sank into her brother's chair, with a cry of exceeding pain, her hands going up over her eyes.

Yet, when the doctor came into the library a little while later and uttered a note of surprise at seeing her there, she was reading the paper he was engaged on.

"You up yet, Dose?" he said.

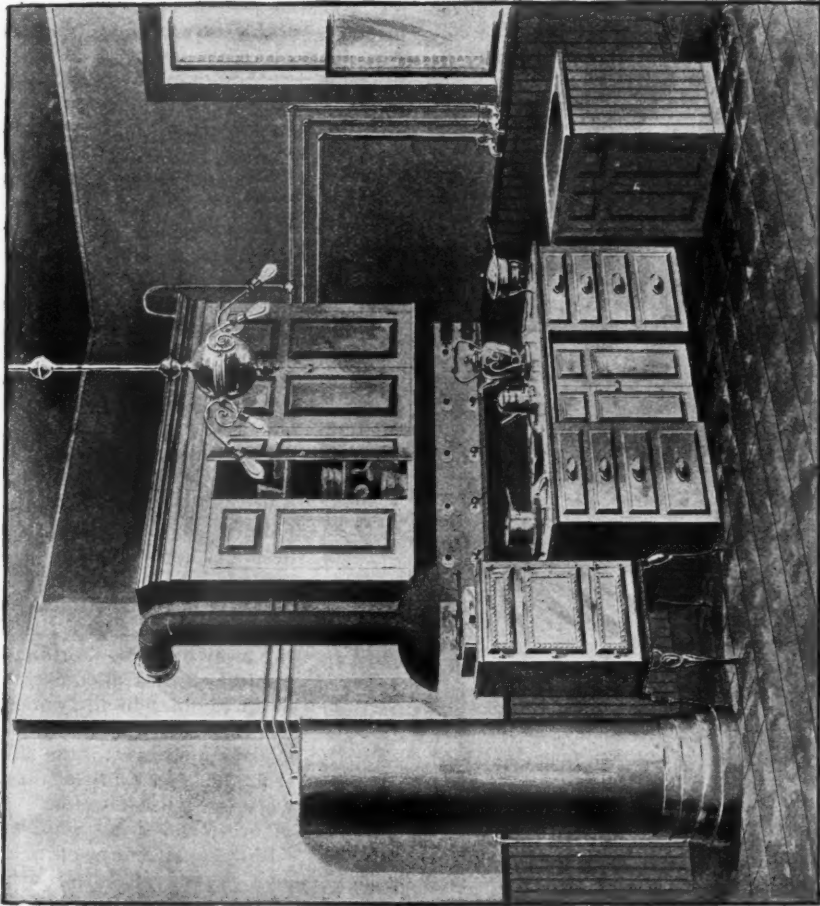
"This paper is simply enchanting," she returned. "Hereafter I shall always respect microbes and refuse to drink sterilized water. I shall like the dear little things to get into my system. Seriously, though, Hector, I wish to say that I was very foolish over Carolyn's little jest—I am not going home to-morrow. Or is it already to-morrow?" Then she had caught his arm. "Hector," she said, "I must be growing old, I am so forgiving."

"Or sensible," he laughed, "which amounts to the same thing. And Culbertson told me just now, at the ball, that you are like a dainty bit of old china."

"I hope not willow-ware," she said, and went toward the hall. Then she came back again, a peculiar glistening in her eyes. "Suppose you kiss me, brother," she said. "You have not kissed me for years." Thinking, indeed, that his sister was growing old, and that age is not always synonymous with being sensible, the doctor awkwardly enough lightly laid his bearded lips to hers and hastily turned to his microbe paper, only looking away from it when he heard the library door close behind her.

"I wonder if Dan does look like Radcliffe?" he said. "But what fools these women are!"

A KITCHEN SUPPLIED WITH ELECTRIC HEATING
APPLIANCES.



(SEE PAGE 144.)

ONE AND TWO.

BY WALTER BESANT.

NELL! I cried the boy, jumping about, unable to stand still for excitement. "It is splendid! He has told me such things as I never dreamed. Oh! splendid things! Wonderful things!"

"Tell me, Will."

"I am ashamed. Well, then, he says—he says"—the boy's face became

a bishop—I may. If a great scholar—a great writer—I may. All, he says, is possible for me, if I choose to work—all—if I choose to work. Oh! Nell—isn't it—isn't it wonderful?" He dropped his voice, and his eyes glistened—his large dreamy eyes—and his cheeks glowed. "If I choose to work. As if I should not choose to work! Only those fellows who have got no such glorious prospects are lazy. Work? Why

I am mad to work. I grudge every hour. Work? You shall see how I will work!"

He was a lad of seventeen, handsome, tall and straight; his eyes were full and limpid; his face was a long oval, his mouth delicate and fine, but perhaps not quite so firm as might have been desired. At this moment he had just held a conference with his private tutor. It took the form of a remonstrance and an explanation. The remonstrance pointed out that his work was desultory and liable to be interrupted at any moment, for any caprice; that steady grind was incompatible with the giving away of whole mornings to musical dreams at the piano, or to rambles in the woods, a book of poetry in hand. The explanation was to the effect that the great prizes of the world are all within the reach of every clever lad who starts with a sufficiency of means and is not afraid of work; and that he himself—none other—possessed abilities which would justify him in

aiming at the highest. But he must work; he must work; he had been to no school and knew nothing of competitions with other fellows; he must make up for that by hard grind. Think



"IT IS SPLENDID!"

crimson—"he says that I can become whatever I please, if I please. It is all in me—all—all! If I want to be a statesman—I may. If I want to become a judge—I may. If I should like to be

what it may mean to a young fellow of imagination and of dreams, this throwing open of the gates of the Temple of Ambition—this invitation to mount the steps and enter that great and glittering dome. The temple, within, is all glorious with crowns of gold set with precious stones and with crowns of bay and laurel. Day and night ascends a hymn in praise of the living; they themselves—the living who have succeeded—sit on thrones of carved woodwork precious beyond price, and hear and receive this homage all day long. This lad, only by looking in at the open doors, gasped, and blushed, and panted; his color came and went, his heart beat; he could not stand still.

His companion—they were in a country garden, and it was the spring of the year—was a girl of fifteen, who hung upon his words and adored him. Some women begin the voluntary servitude to the man they love at a very early age indeed. Nelly at fifteen loved this boy of seventeen as much as if they had both been ten years older.

"Yes," she said, timidly, and the manner of her saying it betrayed certain things. "And you will work, Will, won't you?"

"Work? Nell, since your father has spoken those words of encouragement, I feel that there is nothing but work left in me—regular work—methodical, systematic work, you know. Grind, grind, grind! No more music, no more singing, no more making rhymes—grind, grind, grind! I say, Nell, I've always dreamed, you know—"

"You have, Will."

"And to find that things may actually

come true—actually—the finest things that ever I dared to dream—oh!"

"It is wonderful, Will!" Both of them began to think that the finest things had already been achieved.

"It is like having your fortune doubled—trebled—multiplied by ten. Better. If my fortune were multiplied by fifty I could spend no more, I could eat no more, I believe I could do no more with it."

"Genius," said the girl, blushing, because it really did seem an original thing to say, "is better than riches."

"It is, it is," the possessor of genius replied, with conviction.

"To have enough is to have all. I can, if I please, become a bishop, a judge, a statesman—anything, anything. Nell," his voice dropped, "the thought makes me tremble. I feel as if I shall not be equal to the position. There is personal dignity, you know."

The girl laughed. "You not equal, Will? Why, you are strong enough for anything."

"I have made up my mind what to do first of all. When I go to Cambridge I

shall take up classics. Of course I must take the highest classical honors. I shall carry off all the University scholarships, and the medals, and the prizes. Oh! and I must speak at the Union. I must lead at the Union, and I must be an athlete." He was tall and thin, and he stretched out his long arms. "I shall row in the boat—the 'Varsity boat, of course. I shall play on the Eleven."

"Oh, Will, you are too ambitious."

"No, man," he said, severely, "can be too ambitious. I would grasp all."



"HE SPOKE VERY GRANDLY."

"And then?"

"Ah! There, I have not yet decided. The Church, to raise the world. The Law, to maintain the social order. The House, to rule the nation. Literature, Science, Art—which?"

"In whatever you do, Will, you are certain to rise to the front rank."

"Certain. Your father says so. Oh! I feel as if I was already Leader of the House. It is a splendid thing to rule the House. I feel as if I was Lord Chancellor in my robes—on the wool-sack. Nothing so grand as to be Lord Chancellor. I feel as if I was Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a most splendid thing, mind you, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. What could be more splendid? He wears lawn sleeves, and he sits in the House of Lords. But I must work. The road to all these splendid things, as your father says, is through work. I want an hour yet to dinner. I will give that hour to Euripides. No more waste of time for me, Nell."

He nodded his head and quickly ran into the house, eager not to lose a moment.

The girl looked after him admiringly and fondly. "Oh!" she murmured; "what a splendid thing to be a man and to become Archbishop, and Lord Chancellor, and Leader of the House! Oh! how clever he is, and how great he will become!"

"I've had a serious talk with Challice to-day," said the private tutor to his wife in the evening.

"Will is such a nice boy," said the wife. "What a pity that he won't work!"

"He's got enough money to begin with, and he has never been to a public school. I have been firing his imagination, however, with the rich and varied prospect before a boy who really will work and has brains. He is a dreamer; he has vague ambitions; perhaps I may have succeeded in fixing them. But who knows? He is a dreamer. He plays

the piano and listens to the music. Sometimes he makes verses. Who knows what such a lad may do?"

II.

Two years later, the same pair stood in the same place at the same season of the year. Term was over—the third term of the first year at Cambridge.

"I haven't pleased your father," said the young man—he was slight and boyish-looking still, but on his face there was a new stamp—he had eaten of the tree of knowledge. "I have won no scholarships and taken no prizes. My grand ideas



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

about University laurels are changed. You see, Nell, I have discovered that unless one goes into the Church a good degree helps nobody. And, of course, it ruins a man in other ways to put in all the time working for a degree."

"You know," said Nell, "we don't think so here."

"I know. Then you see I had to make the acquaintance of the men and to show them that I was a person of—of some importance. A man who can play and sing is always useful. We are an extremely social College, and the—friction of mind with mind, you know—it is the best education possible for a man—I'm sure it is—much better than poring over Plato. Then I found so many things in which I was deficient. French fiction, for example; and I knew so very little about Art—oh! I have passed a most busy and useful time."

He forgot to mention such little things as nap, écarté, loo, billiards, Paris, and London, as forming part of his education. Yet everybody will own that these are important elements in the forming of a man.

"I see," said Nell.

"But your father won't. He is all for the Senate House. You do take a little interest in me still, Nell? Just a little interest—in an old friend?"

"Of course I do, Will." She blushed and dropped her eyes. Their fingers touched, but only for an instant. The touching of fingers is very innocent. Perhaps it was accidental.

"Nell," said the young man, with deep feeling and earnestness, "whatever I do—to whatever height I rise, I shall

always feel—" here he stopped because he could hardly say that she had stimulated him or inspired him—"always feel, Nell, that it began here—it began here." He looked about the garden. "On this spot I first resolved to become a great man. It was on the very day when your father told me that I might be great if I chose; of course, I knew so much before, but it pleased me; it stimulated me. I told you here, on this spot, and you approved and cheered me

on. Well, I don't, of course, tell any of the men about my ambitions. Mostly, I suppose, they have got their own. Some of them, I know, don't soar above a country living—I laugh in my sleeve, Nell, when I listen to their confessions—a country living—a house and a garden and a church; that is a noble ambition, truly! I laugh, Nell, when I think of what I could tell them; the rapid upward climb; the dizzy height, the grasp of power and of authority!"

He spoke very grandly, and waved his hand and threw his head back and looked every inch a leader—one round whom the soldiers of

a holy cause would rally. The girl's eyes brightened and her cheek glowed, even though she remembered what at that moment she would rather have forgotten: the words of her father at breakfast. "Chalice has done nothing," he said, "he has attempted nothing; now he will never do anything. It is just as I expected. A dreamer! A dreamer!"

"It was here," Will continued, "that I resolved on greatness. It was on this



"WILL MET THE TUTOR."



"INDOLENCE SHIVERED."

spot that I imparted my ambition to you. Nell, on this spot I again impart to you my choice. I will become a great statesman. I have money to start me—most fellows have to spend the best part of their lives in getting money enough to give them a start. I shall be the Leader of the House. Mind, to anyone but you this ambition would seem presumptuous. It is my secret which I trust with you, Nell." He caught her hands, drew her gently, and kissed her on the forehead. "Dear Nell," he said, "long before my ambition is realized, you will be by my side, encouraging, and advising, and consoling."

He spoke as a young man should; and tenderly, as a lover should; but there was something not right—a secret thorn—something jarred. In the brave words—in the tender tones—there was a touch, a tone, a look, out of harmony. Will Challice could not tell his mistress that all day long there was a voice within him crying: "Work, work! Get up

and work! All this is folly! Work! Nothing can be done without work—work—work!"

III.

It was about the beginning of the Michaelmas term that the very remarkable occurrence or series of occurrences began which are the cause and origin of this history. Many men have failed and many have succeeded. Will Challice is, perhaps, the only man who has ever done both, and in the same line and at the same time. The thing came upon him quite suddenly and unexpectedly. It was at two in the morning; he had spent the evening quietly in the society of three other men and two packs of cards. His own rooms, he observed as he crossed the court, were lit up—he wondered how his "gyp" could have been so careless. He opened his door and entered his room. Heavens! At the table, on which the lamp was burning, sat before a pile of books—himself! Challice rubbed his eyes; he was not frightened; there is nothing to alarm a man in the sight of himself, though sometimes a good deal to disgust; but if you saw, in a looking-glass, your own face and figure doing something else, you would be astonished: you might even be alarmed. Challice had heard of men seeing rats, circles, triangles, even—he thought of his mis-spent evenings which were by no means innocent of whisky and potash; he concluded that this must be an appearance, to be referred, like the rats and circles, to strong drink. He thought that it would vanish as he gazed.

It did not: on the contrary, it became, if anything, clearer. There was a reading lamp on the table which threw a strong circle of light upon the bent head of the reader. Then Will Challice began to tremble and his knees gave way. The clock ticked on the mantel-shelf; else there was no sound; the College was wrapped and lapped in the silence of sleep.

He nerved himself; he stepped forward. "Speak," he cried, and the sound of his own voice terrified him.

Who ever heard of a man questioning himself in the dead of night? "Speak—what does this mean?"

Then the reader lifted his head, placed a book-mark to keep his place, and turned slowly in his chair—one of those wooden chairs the seat of which turns round. Yes—it was himself—his own face that met the face of the returned reveler. But there was no terror in that face—a serious resolve, rather—a set purpose—grave eyes. He, the reader, leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"Yes," he said, and the voice again startled the other man. "You have a right—a complete right—to an explanation. I have felt for a long time that something would have to be done; I've been going on in a most uncomfortable manner. In spite of my continual remonstrances, I could not persuade you to work. You must have recognized that you contained two men; the one indolent, dreamy, always carried away by the pleasures or caprice of the moment—a feather-brain. The other: ambitious, clear-headed, and eager for work. Your part would give my part no chance. Very well; we are partly separated. That is all. Partly separated."

The dreamer sat down and stared. "I don't understand," he said.

"No more time will be lost," the worker went on. "I have begun to work. For some time past I have been working at night—I am not going to stand it any longer."

"That's what made me so heavy in the morning, then?"

"That was the cause. Now, how-

ever, I am going to work in earnest, and all day long."

"I don't care if it's real; but this is a dream. I don't care so long as I needn't work with you. But, I say, what will the men say? I can't pretend to have a twin, all of a sudden."

"N—no. Besides, there are other difficulties. We belong to each other, you see. We must share these rooms. Listen, I have quite thought it out. At night we shall be one; at breakfast and in the Hall we will be one; you shall



"PAPA, IT IS WILL CHALLICE!"

give me the entire use of these rooms all day and all the evening for work. In examinations of course you will remain here locked in, while I go to the Senate House. You will go to chapel for both."

"N—no. Chapel must belong to you."

"I say you will go to chapel for both." This with resolution.

"Oh!" the other Half gave way. "But what am I to do all day?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Do what you like. If you like to stay here you can. You may play or sing. You may read your French novels; you will not



"WILL SAT GAZING ON THE GIRL."

disturb me. But if you bring any of your friends here it will be awkward, because they will perceive that you are double. Now we will go to bed. It is half-past two."

IV.

In the morning Will awoke with a strange sense of something. This feeling of something is not uncommon with young gentlemen who go to bed about three. He got up and dressed. A cup of tea made him remember but imperfectly what had happened. "I must have had too much whisky," he murmured. "I saw myself—actually myself—hard at work." Here his eyes fell upon the table. There were the books—books on political economy—with a note-book and every indication of work. More; he knew, he remembered, the contents of these books. He sat down bewildered. Then it seemed as if there was a struggle within him as of two who strove for mastery. "Work!" cried one. "I won't," said the other. "You shall." "I won't." A most ignoble quarrel, yet it pulled him this way and that,

towards the table or back in the long easy chair. Finally the struggle ended: he fell back; he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the room was cleared of the breakfast things, and he saw himself sitting at the table hard at work.

"Good gracious!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Is what I remember of last night real? Not a dream!"

"Not a dream at all. I will no longer have my career blasted at the outset by your confounded laziness. I think you understand me perfectly. I am clear of you when I please. I join you when I please."

"Oh! And have I the same power?"

"You? Certainly not. You are only the Half that won't work. You have got no power at all."

"Oh! Well—I shall not stand that."

"You can't help yourself. I am the Intellectual Principle; mine is the Will: mine is the clear head and the authority."



"HE KISSED HER FOREHEAD."

"What am I, then?"

"You? I don't know. You are me—yourself—without the Intellectual Principle. That is what you are. I must define you by negatives. You cannot argue, or reason, or create, or invent: you remember like an animal, from assistance: you behave nicely because you have been trained: you are—in short—you are the Animal Part."

"Oh?" He was angry: he did not know what to reply: he was humiliated.

"Don't fall into a rage. Go away and amuse yourself. You can do anything you please. Come back, however, in time for Hall."

The Animal Part obeyed. He went out, leaving the other Part over his books. He spent the morning with other men as industriously disposed as himself. He found a strange lightness of spirits. There was no remonstrating voice within him reproaching him for his laziness, urging him to get up and go to work. Not at all; that voice was silent; he was left quite undisturbed. He talked with these men over tobacco; he played billiards with them; he lay in a chair and looked at a novel. He had luncheon and beer, and more tobacco. He went down the river in the college boat; he had an hour or two of whist before Hall. Then he returned to his room.

His other Half looked up, surprised.

"Already? The day has flown."

"One moment," said Will, "before we go in. You're a serious sort, you know, and I'm one of the—the lighter ornaments of the College, and I sit among them. It would be awkward breaking off all at once. Besides—"

"I understand. Continue to sit with them for awhile, and talk as much idiotic stuff as you please. Presently you will find that a change of companions and of conversation has become necessary."

Nobody noticed any change; the two in one sat at table and ate like one; they talked like one; they talked frivolously, telling stories like one. After Hall they went back to their chambers.

"You can leave me," said the student. "I shall rest for an hour or so. Then I shall go on again."

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This very remarkable arrangement went on undisturbed for some time. No one suspected it. No one discovered it. It became quite natural for Challice to go out of his room in the morning and to leave himself at work; it became natural to go down to Hall at seven with a mingled recollection of work and amusements. The reproaching voice was silent, the Animal Part was left at peace, and the Intellectual Part went on reading at peace.

One evening, however, going across the court at midnight, Will met the tutor.

"Challice," he said, "is it wise to burn the candle at both ends? Come—you told me this morning that you were working hard. What do you call this? You cannot serve two masters."

"It is quite true," said the Reading Half on being questioned. "I have foreseen this difficulty for some time. I called on the tutor this morning, and I told him of my intention to work. He laughed aloud. I insisted. Then he pointed out the absurdity of pretending to work while one was idling about all day. This is awkward."

"What do you propose then?"

"I propose that you stay indoors all the morning until two o'clock, locked in."

"What? And look on while you are mugging?"

"Exactly. You may read French novels: you may go to sleep. You must be quiet. Only, you must be here—all the morning. In the afternoon you may do what you please. I may quite trust you to avoid any effort of the brain. Oh! And you will avoid anything stronger than tea before Hall. No more beer for lunch. It makes me heavy."

"No more beer? But this is tyranny."

"No. It is ambition. In the evening you may go out and play cards. I shall stay here."

They went to bed. It seemed to Will as if the other part of him—the Intellectual Part—ordered him to go to sleep without further thought.

This curious life of separation and of partial union continued, in fact, for the

whole of the undergraduate time. Gradually, however, a great change came over the lazy Half—the Animal Half. It—he—perceived that the whole of his reasoning powers had become absorbed by the Intellectual Half. He became really incapable of reasoning. He could not follow out a thought; he had no thoughts. This made him seem dull, because even the most indolent person likes to think that he has some powers of argument. This moiety of Challice had none. He became quite dull; his old wit deserted him; he was heavy; he drifted gradually out of the society which he had formerly frequented; he perceived that his old friends not only found him dull, but regarded him as a traitor. He had become, they believed, that contemptible person, the man who reads. He was no longer a dweller in the Castle of Indolence; he had gone over to the other side.

Life became very dull indeed to this Half. He got into the habit of lying on a sofa, watching the other Half who sat at the table tearing the heart out of books. He admired the energy of that Half; for himself, he could do nothing; if he read at all it was a novel of the lowest kind; he even bought the penny novelette and read that with interest; if he came to a passage which contained a thought or a reflection he passed it over. He had ceased to think; he no longer even troubled himself about losing the power of thought.

Another thing came upon him; not suddenly, but gradually, so that he was not alarmed at it. He began to care no longer about the games of which he had formerly been so fond. Billiards, racquets, cards, all require, you see, a certain amount of reasoning, of quick intelligence and rapid action. This unfortunate young man had no rapidity of intelligence left. He was too stupid to play games. He became too stupid even to row.

He ceased to be a dreamer; all his dreams were gone; he ceased to make music at the piano; he ceased to sing; he could neither play nor sing: these things gave him no pleasure. He ceased,

in short, to take interest in anything, cared for nothing, and hoped for nothing.

In Hall the two in one sat now with the reading set. Their talk was all of books and "subjects," and so forth. The Intellectual Half held his own with the rest: nay, he became a person to be considered. It was remarked, however, that any who met Challice out walking found him stupid and dull beyond belief. This was put down to preoccupation. The man was full of his work; he was meditating, they said; his brain was working all the while; he was making up for lost time.

In the evening the lazy Half sat in an easy chair and took tobacco, while the other Half worked. At eleven the Industrious Half disappeared. Then the Whole went to bed.

They seldom spoke except when Industry had some more orders to give. It was no longer advice, or suggestion, or a wish, or a prayer: it was an order. Indolence was a servant. "You took more wine than is good for me at dinner to-day," said Industry. "Restrict yourself to a pint of claret, and that of the lightest, for the future." Or, "You are not taking exercise enough. If you have no longer brain power enough even for the sliding seat, walk—walk fast—go out to the top of the Gogs and back again. I want all my energies." Once Indolence caught a cold: it was a month before the May examinations. The wrath and reproaches of Industry, compelled to give up a whole day to nursing that cold, were very hard to bear. Yet indolence could not resist; he could not even remonstrate; he was now a mere slave.

When the examinations came it was necessary to observe precautions of a severer kind. To begin with, Indolence had to get up at six and go for an hour's run, for the better bracing of the nerves; he had to stay hidden indoors all day, while his ambitious twin sat in the Hall, flooring papers. He had to give up tobacco in order to keep the other Half's head clear. "Courage," said Intellect, "a day or two more and you shall plunge again into the sensuality of your pipe

and your beer. Heavens! When I look at you, and think of what I was becoming!"

Industry got a scholarship; Intellect got a University medal; Ambition received the congratulations of the tutor.

"How long," asked the Animal, "is this kind of thing going to continue?"

"How long? Do you suppose," replied the other Half, "that I have given up my ambition? Remember what you said two years ago. You were younger then. You would sweep the board; you would row in the University boat; you would play in the Eleven; you would be a Leader—in all, all! You would then take up with something—you knew not what—and you would step to the front. You remember?"

"A dream—a dream. I was younger then."

"No longer a dream. It is a settled purpose. Hear me. I am going to be a statesman. I shall play the highest game of all. I shall go into the House. I shall rise—slowly at first, but steadily."

"And I?"

"You are a log tied to my heel, but you shall be an obedient log. If you were not——"

Indolence shivered and crouched. "Am I then—all my life—to be your servant?"

"Your life? No—my life." The two glared at each other. "Silence, Log. Let me work."

"I shall not be silent," cried Indolence, roused to momentary self-assertion. "I have no enjoyment left in life. You have taken all—all——"

"You have left what you loved best of all—your sloth. Lie down—and take your rest. Why, you do nothing all day. A stalled ox is not more lazy. You eat and drink and take exercise and sleep. What more, for such as you, has life to give? You are now an animal. My half has absorbed all the intellectual part of you. Lie down, I say—lie down, and let me work."

The Animal could not lie down. He was restless. He walked about the room. He was discontented. He was jealous. The other Half, he saw plainly, was get-

ting the better share of things. That Half was admired and envied. By accident, as he paced the room, he looked in the glass; and he started, for his face had grown heavy: there was a bovine look about the cheeks: the eyes were dull: the mouth full. Then the other Half rose and stood beside him. Together they looked at their own faces. "Ha!" cried Ambition, well satisfied at the contrast. "It works already. Mine is the face intended for me: yours is the face into which this degenerate mould might sink. Mine contains the soul; yours—the animal. You have got what you wanted, Sloth. Your dreams are gone from you. I have got them, though, and I am turning them into action. As time goes on, your face will become more bovine, your eyes duller. What will be the end?" His brow darkened. "I don't know. We are like the Siamese twins."

"One of them took to drink," murmured the inferior Half. "What if I were to follow his example?"

"You will not. You do not dare?" But his blanched face showed his terror at the very thought.

V.

THE first step was achieved. The first class was gained. Chalice of Pembroke was second class; he might have been senior but for the unaccountable laziness of his first year. He was University scholar, medallist, prizeman; he was one of the best speakers at the Union. He was known to be ambitious. He was not popular, however, because he was liable to strange fits of dulness; those who met him wandering about the banks of the river found him apparently unable to understand things; at such times he looked heavy and dull; it was supposed that he was abstracted; men respected his moods, but these things do not increase friendships. Chalice the Animal and Chalice the Intellect weighed each other down.

They left Cambridge, they went to London, they took lodgings. "You are now so different from me in appear-

ance," said the Intellect, "that I think we may leave off the usual precautions. Go about without troubling what I am and what I am doing. Go about and amuse yourself, but be careful."

The victim of sloth obeyed; he went about all day long in heavy, meaningless fashion; he looked at things in shops; he sat in museums, and dropped off to sleep. He strolled round squares. At luncheon and dinner time he found out restaurants where he could feed—in reality, the only pleasure left to him was to eat, drink, and sleep.

One day he was in Kensington Gardens, sitting half asleep in the sun. People walked up and down the walk before him; beautiful women gaily dressed; sprightly women gaily talking; the world of wealth, fashion, extravagance, and youth. He was no more than three-and-twenty himself. He ought to have been fired by the sight of all this beauty, and all this happiness. Nobody in the world can look half so happy as a lovely girl finely dressed. But he sat there like a clod, dull and insensate.

Presently, a voice which he remembered: "Papa, it is Will Challice!" He looked up heavily. "Why, Will," the girl stood before him, "don't you know me?"

It was Nell, the daughter of his tutor, now a comely maiden of one-and-twenty, who laughed and held out her hand to him. He rose, but not with alacrity. The shadow of a smile crossed his face.

"Challice!" his tutor clapped him on the shoulder. "I haven't seen you since you took your degree. Splendid, my boy! But it might have been better. I hear you are reading law—good. With the House before you? Good again! Let me look at you. Humph!" He grunted a little disappointment. "You don't look quite so—quite so—what? Do you take exercise enough?"

"Plenty of exercise—plenty," replied the young scholar, who looked so curiously dull and heavy.

"Well, let us walk together. You are doing nothing for the moment."

They walked together; Nelly between them.

"Father," she said, when they arrived at their lodgings in Albemarle Street, "what has come over that poor man? He has gone stupid with his success. I could not get a word out of him. He kept staring at me without speaking."

Was he a lumpish log, or was he a man all nerves and electricity?

In the morning Will Challice partly solved the question, because he called and showed clearly that he was an insensible log and a lumpish log. He sat for an hour gazing at the girl as if he would devour her, but he said nothing.

In the evening Cousin Tom called, bringing Will Challice again—but how changed! Was such a change really due to evening dress? Keen of feature, bright of eye, full of animation. "Why, Will," said Nelly, "what is the matter with you sometimes? When you were here this morning, one could not get a word out of you. Your very face looked heavy."

He changed color. "I have times when I—I—lose myself—thinking—thinking of things, you know."

They passed a delightful evening. But when Will went away, the girl became meditative. For, although he had talked without stopping, on every kind of subject, there was no hungry look in his eye, such as she had perceived with natural satisfaction in the morning. Every maiden likes that look of hunger, outward sign and indication of respect to her charms.

They were up in town for a month. Every morning Will called and sat glum but hungry-eyed, gazing on the girl and saying nothing. Every evening he called again and talked scholarship and politics with her father, his face changed, his whole manner different, and without any look of hunger in his eyes.

One day after a fortnight or so of this, Will the Animal stood up after breakfast and spoke.

"There has got to be a change."

"You are changing, in fact," replied the other with a sneer.

"I am in love. I am going to marry a girl. Now hold your tongue," for the Intellectual Half bounded in his chair.

"You have left me very little power of speech. Let me try to explain what I—I want to say." He spoke painfully and slowly. "Let me—try—I have lost, bit by bit, almost everything. I don't want to read—I can't play any more. I don't care about anything much. But this girl I do care about. I have always loved her, and you—you with your deuced intellect—cannot kill that part of me. Be quiet—let me try to think. She loves me, too. She loves me for myself, and not on account of you and your success. She is sorry for me. She has given me—I don't know how—the power of thinking a little. When I am married to her, she will give me more. Let us part absolutely. Take all my intellect and go. Nell will marry a stupid man, but he will get something from her—something I am sure. I feel different already; I said something to-day which made her laugh."

The Intellectual Half was looking at him with a strangely softened face. "Half of my Soul, I, too, have something to say as well. Confess, however, first of all, that I was right. Had it not been for this step—why, nothing would have been achieved. Eh?"

"Perhaps. You would work, you see."

"Yes. Well—I have made a discovery. It is that I have been too thorough. I don't quite understand how, logically and naturally, anything else was possible. I wanted, heaven knows, all the intellect there was; you were, therefore, bound to become the Animal, pure and simple. Well, you see, we are not really two, but one. Can't we hit upon an agreement?"

"What agreement?"

"Some agreement—some *modus vivendi*. I shall get, it is true, some of the Animal; you will get some of the Intellectual, but we shall be united again, and after all——" He looked very kindly on himself, holding out his hand.

"I found it out through Nell," the Intellectual Half went on. "You went to see her every morning—I went every evening. You were always brimful of love for her; I, who knew this, was not moved in the slightest degree by her.

In other words, I cannot be moved by any woman. This terrifies me."

"Why?"

"It threatens my future. Don't you see? He who cannot be moved by woman is no longer man. But man can only be moved by brother man. If I cannot move men my career is at an end. What they call magnetism belongs to the animal within us. When that is gone, I now perceive, when the animal is killed, the rest of the man has no longer any charm, any attraction, any persuasion, any power of leading, teaching, compelling, or guiding."

"I only half understand."

"Intellect, in short, my lower Half, is of no use without human passion. That is what it means. We have gone too far. Let us end it."

"How? You despise the man who is only animal."

"No—no! The animal is part of man. I understand now. I have done wrong—brother Half—to separate myself so much from you. Suppose we were united once more. Could I count on being allowed to work?"

"Yes," said the Animal, "I have had a lesson too. You shall work."

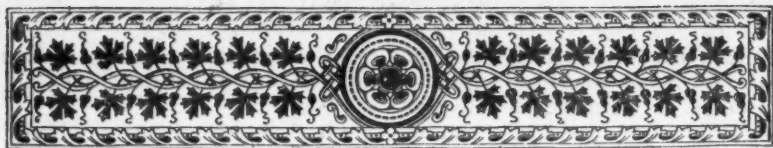
"I would not be hard upon you. I would let you have a reasonable amount of indolence and rest. My success will be less rapid, on your account, but it will be more solid. Do you think that if we were to be lost again in each other, I should feel for that girl as——"

"Why," said the Animal, "you would be—Me; and what I feel for her is, I assure you, overwhelming."

That evening Will Challice sat at the open window, Nellie's hand in his.

"You have been so gloomy lately, Will. Was that fatigue?"

"Ambition on the brain, Nell," he replied, as lightly as of old. "You will soon find that those glum, dumpy moods have vanished quite away. I live again—I breathe—I think—I don't work so infernally hard—I am once more human—because I love, and because——" The girl's head rested upon his arm, and he kissed her forehead.



THE CLOVER CLUB.

A FEATURE OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

With the January number the publishers established a department called THE CLOVER CLUB for the amusement and benefit of its members.

One of the club's sources of interest will be a set of puzzles of an entirely novel kind, which will appeal to the whole family circle alike.

There will be four prize contests during the year. The January number will lead the way with a prize puzzle. For the best solution of this puzzle, we offer a CASH prize of \$30. If two persons send equally good answers, they will receive \$15 each. Should more than two persons give correct solutions, the \$30 will be divided between the two whose answers reach this office first.

Second Contest: A prize of \$10 will be awarded to the club member sending the best original puzzle for publication; \$5 for the second best original puzzle, and \$3 for the third best.

Third Contest: For the benefit of those who prefer finger-work to the exercise of their wits, we offer equally liberal inducements. For the most artistic example of embroidery, \$15.

For the best pen-and-ink figure drawing (of a good size for reproduction in the Magazine), \$10.

For the best specimen of photography, the photographer to do all the finishing without assistance from any professional, \$5.

Fourth Contest: To be announced later, will offer special attractions of a particularly novel sort.

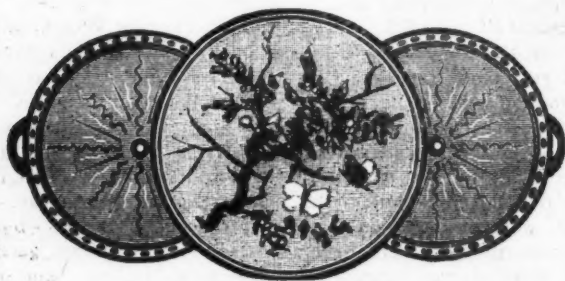
During the remaining months, the club editors will endeavor to interest the members by keeping them in touch with each other, and to this end the prize drawing and prize photograph will be reproduced in the Magazine, so that everyone may judge of their excellence. A sketch will also show the design of the piece of needle-work accorded a prize.

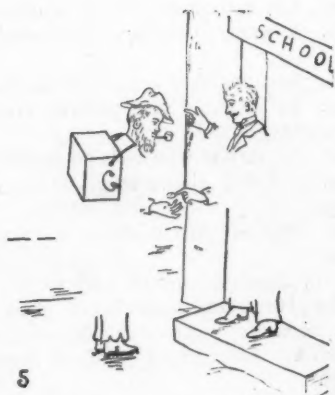
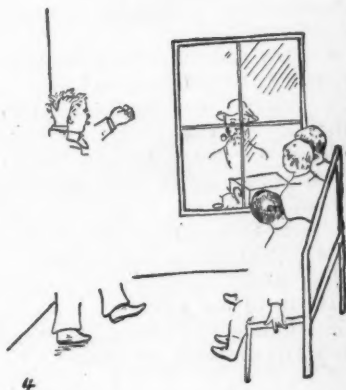
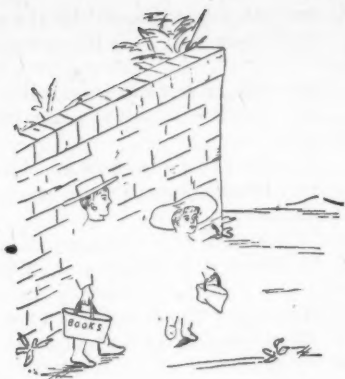
Puzzles of various kinds, the club shall have every month.

It must be clearly understood that only subscribers to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE are at liberty to compete for prizes; but, in order that the number of the club's active workers may be known from the outset, those proposing to become such are requested distinctly to state their intention.

EACH of the outline sketches in the illustration represents a chapter in the "Story Without Words." Which of you can tell it best in a limited space? You may write it in prose or rhyme,

only do not exceed three hundred words. No prize is offered. It is simply intended to amuse, but the most approved version will be published in the Clover Club.





A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT.

These are some of the least signs by which you may know me:

I am not a physician; but I have that which not every medical man can do.

I do not paint; but I always carry about me some part of an artist's outfit which I can use at a moment's notice.

Although ignorant of music, I am never without several musical instruments of my own, beside having others presented to me occasionally.

While in no way connected with Express or Railway Companies, I am constantly engaged in the transfer of two pieces of luggage.

I do not indulge in narcotics; but I am the possessor of establishments where they are consumed.

To sports generally I am indifferent; but football is a necessity to me.

My weapons are sharp and carried behind me.

I have no crest; but my arms are adorned with exceedingly short knots of ribbon.

Of humble origin, I am invariably decked with an emblem of nobility.

I like riches; but the impoverished class is part of me.

I am not immortal; but when I breathe my last part of me is not dead.

AT THE LIBRARY DOOR.

There are thirty authors in the library—one for each line. Find them according to the descriptions, regardless of spelling. For instance, if animals instead of writers were to be discovered and we should say "the animal that always has a cold," the answer would be "Horse."

In sending answers arrange them just as they come in the Library, writing the name of each against his or her own number. Do not write the text in full—only the authors' names.

IN THE LIBRARY.

1. Can you show me an author strong, polished and bright.

2. An author that's found by the sea.
3. An author that rose to remarkable height.
4. One that ne'er can original be.
5. An author that always an infant remained.
6. An author that blossoms and blows.
7. An author whose cavern was perfectly drained.
8. An author that backward still goes.
9. An author whose weapon unsteadily moved.
10. An author too beastly to name.
11. An author by every good family loved.
12. An author that cannot grow tame.
13. A writer sunk deep in the earth you may find.
14. A writer whose eyes were no good.
15. An author that leaves all his fellows behind.
16. An author that munches his food.
17. An author that never superlative is.
18. An author attached to a coat.
19. An author that knows all our woe, and our bliss.
20. An author that's dear to the goat.
21. An author who spends upon jewels his toil.
22. An author infallible quite.
23. An author that sprang from unpromising soil.
24. An author with feathers of white.
25. The cleverest animal writer we know.
26. The author we pack in a nook.
27. A writer, of game the inveterate foe.
28. And one that is part of his book.
29. An author we eat without crunching a bone.
30. An author who tells an untruth.
31. A writer that's tough in his body alone.
32. And one that is always a youth.

1. Separate a mortal, and make one of the planets and a species of grass.
2. Separate a clerical vestment and make a neuter verb and a summer delight.
3. Separate a comfort and make an adverb and filmy substance.

4. Separate a foreign word signifying covered with pictures, and make a pipe and a neuter verb.

5. Separate a colored object and make feast and an edible.

5. Separate to plunder, and make moved quickly and a drink.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row will spell a holiday, and the initials of the second row a fair accompaniment of the first.

Example of broken words:

Separate part of the body and a circle and make an ornament.

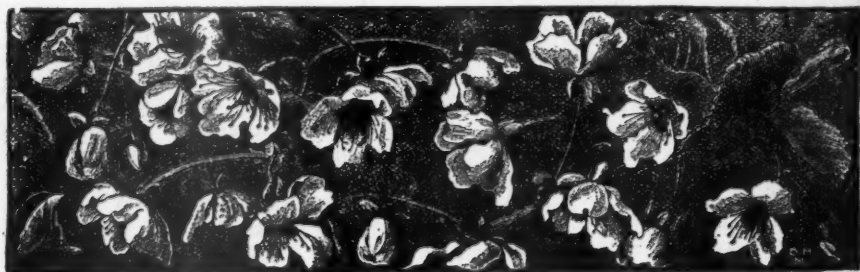
Ear-ring.

A word to the Clover Club about the Prize Puzzle for the April ARTHUR.

Give full sway to your imaginations provided you make your meaning perfectly clear. In the January puzzle, for instance, orthography is flagrantly disregarded for the express purpose of putting you off the track. Be sure that the answers speak for themselves. Sacrifice everything for this. A joke that has to be explained is no joke.

Give thirty, thirty-five, or at most forty propositions or questions requiring answers. Number each carefully, and mail puzzles for prize competition not later than February 28th.

Address "Editor Clover Club, Arthur's Home Magazine, 112-114 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Penna.," and where you wish manuscript returned enclose the requisite postage. Write on one side of the paper only.



A QUARREL.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always mend it.

THE LATEST CONVENIENCES.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.



HE sighing for the "good old times" has been growing steadily fainter during the rapid advancement of household science, until only the merest echo is occasionally heard from some plodding housewife who seems determined to sneer at modern inventions, and to cling to the old-fashioned methods of performing the housekeeping drudgery.

Yes, drudgery is the appropriate name under these circumstances; but to the enterprising, wide-awake home-maker, this daily work assumes the form of pleasant duties to be performed as neatly and swiftly as possible to allow time for self-improvement and enjoyment.

Every year there is a surprising addition to the list of household helps, under the name of "modern conveniences," "latest inventions," etc., etc., until, at very small cost, our homes are beautified and the drudgery of the kitchen is reduced to a minimum.

It must be admitted that many of these so-called conveniences are shams! and it is only a waste of money to invest in them; but there are just as many more that are such decided helps, that every one who has tested their usefulness should always be glad to mention them to others;—especially to those who have but little time to search for the simple devices which would prove so helpful.

A new slaw cutter has recently made its appearance which is cheaper than similar inventions which have preceded it, and so simple in its method of working, and so easily kept clean, that every appreciative housewife is anxious to secure one after testing its merits.

The tedious chop-chop-chopping of the cabbage, until it is fine enough for the slaw, or the uneven slicing of the potatoes for "Saratogo Chips," will no longer prove troublesome when this is included in the list of kitchen helps. After fastening the cutter securely to the table (as noticed in Fig. 1.), place the

article to be sliced upon the platform, pressing it lightly against the revolving cylinder. This contains three knives, and the slicing is very rapid and even.

"Why! I am sure I do not consider my life hard," said a bright little dress-maker to a sympathizing friend the other day, while plying the needle rapidly. "When I think of the many in actual want I consider myself very fortunate in having my time well filled with work; there is one thing, however, which would make it much easier. I have often longed for some little contrivance with which to



FIG. 1.

heat my irons, or make a cup of tea or chocolate, after a hard day's work, without going way down stairs to ask the privilege of using the kitchen range."

Some cheap arrangement for heating purposes would doubtless prove a blessing to many similarly situated. Renting a small room in a city house, perhaps several flights from the kitchen, it is not pleasant, to say the least, to be compelled to go way down to the basement for the cup of hot water, to heat an iron, etc., etc. It is impossible to accomplish this with the small register in the wall which gives out scarcely heat enough to warm the small room, very few of the little wire arrangements to place over the gas jet are satisfactory, and in many cases the little gas or oil stove, so much desired, cannot be afforded.



FIG. 2.

A cheap and perfectly satisfactory apparatus has now been placed on the market which will fill this long felt want.

By means of a rubber hose these tiny heaters are attached to the gas burner, and the iron or pot of water will be hot in a few minutes. The single heater (Fig. 2) will prove very satisfactory, but the double one (Fig. 3) will be much more convenient when used in this manner; as a small stove.

If only one gas burner is allowed in the room, and these little heaters prove objectionable because of waste (?) of gas, it will pay to use a lamp for supplying the steady light which is really better for reading or sewing, and attach the hose to this one burner. It is easily seen that the heating power is very rapid, as these little heaters work on the same principle



FIG. 5.

as the well-known "Bunsen's burner." The current of gas entering the heater carries with it (by means of the holes shown in the cuts) a good supply of air, which causes an intensely hot blue flame.

When it is desirable to use the gas jet for lighting purposes, and at the same time have the hose from the little heater attached to the burner, it will be an easy matter to have a double burner attached to the gas pipe in the same manner as the arrangement connected with the gas stores in our modern kitchens.

To the economical cook a good meat-chopper will be considered indispensable. But care will be necessary in the selection. It is a meat-chopper and not a meat-grinder that is desired. Some of the old machines have proved anything but satisfactory, mashing the meat into a pulpy mass and allowing the tough strings and sinews to tangle among the knives. The latest inventions show us choppers very simple in construction, which are



FIG. 3.

easily kept clean, and which make a clean cut like that of a sharp knife or a pair of scissors. Fig. 4 shows the

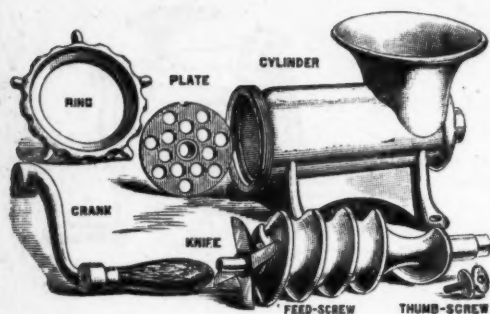


FIG. 4.

different parts, giving some idea of the ease with which they are worked and cleaned, and Fig. 5 represents it as attached to the table and in working order.

As the meat is fed into the hopper it is carried forward by the screw until it reaches the drilled plate "at which it is chopped off by the revolving knife" which makes four cuts for each hole with every revolution of the crank; the small pieces thus cut being forced out by the next pieces so cut.

Hamburg steaks for dyspeptics and beef tea for invalids can be quickly prepared by its use; and in making hash, croquettes, salads, etc., etc., it is of the greatest convenience.

Dainty contrivances for the purpose of keeping our dining tables neat and inviting are always appreciated by the beauty-loving housewife. It is often desirable to set on the table the baking dish containing the pudding, the meat pie, the scalloped oysters, or something that

would be spoiled if removed from the pan in which it is baked.

Of course it will be quite as delicious when served directly from the dish just as it has been removed from the oven, yet the tasteful dainty housekeeper will find her appetite quite spoiled by the sight of the baking dish which has become browned and stained and nicked by long and con-

tinued usage, and will prefer to serve it properly.

But baking dishes may now be obtained with an outside dish of silver or nickel-plated ware. When the hot dish is taken from the oven it is placed in this pretty shining receiver, a rim of the

bright metal is placed above it, and then the brightly polished lid completes the beautiful table ornament. When the lid is removed and the contents are served, no one would imagine that they were being taken directly from the objectionable baking dish.

Thus suggestions could be continued indefinitely, but enough has been mentioned to convince us of the necessity of being wide-awake if we would appreciate the helpful inventions all about us.



THE SPIRITS OF POCUS PLACE.

BY MISS KENT.

III.

The spirits which I've summoned
Fain would I lay them now!

Babe Elton and Paralie, Carl Orchard and the latter's lady went in Babe's wagon to the scene of festivity. They found Mrs. Brummet's large new room pretty well filled with young people of both sexes; other furniture there was none excepting boards placed on chairs to furnish seats for the company, one table, and a rocking chair, in which Paralie was promptly enthroned, for she was a favorite among the women.

Nora was there, and Calderon, too; the latter talking gravely with an old man, and taking care to look the social martyr as soon as Paralie's bright glances sought him out. "How handsome he looks—and how distinguished," she thought, watching him as he went over into the crowd of young men who were solemnly grouped at one end of the apartment. The girls were similarly grouped at the opposite end, and Paralie examined them with the benevolent desire to find one who might serve as an entertaining partner for Calderon.

She was obliged to admit that, excepting Nora and herself, there was not a girl present whose wit was ready enough to make conversation possible for a stranger; especially for a man of education; and as beauty, wit and graceful manners were also lacking, Calderon could not be blamed for finding such society dull, but Paralie chose to accuse him of coldness and want of adaptability.

"So exclusive; a true Northerner," she thought. "Carl and I get ten times the good out of life that he gets."

The object of her animadversions now came and leaned on the high back of her chair, filling the other young men with envy of his assurance and his position.

"This is life," he murmured, satirically. "I tell you it's exciting back there, looking at the girls."

Paralie laughed, and Calderon perceiving that the heat of the open fire was burning her face, drew her chair back gently, and then found her a palm-leaf fan for a screen. "These people cling to the old-fashioned fire-places," he remarked.

"They freeze to them, if the winter happens to be severe," said Paralie, "but I like them. Stoves take up so much room, and are so ugly."

"My mother says that stoves are like men—always in the way, and ugly, but convenient, especially in winter," said Calderon.

"Some of you may be excepted—at least, a girl told me just now that she thought my teacher 'awful pretty.'"

"Lend me your fan—to hide my blushes. Which girl?"

"Exercise your Yankee gift of guessing on that point."

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind; it must have been you."

Paralie, remembering that she had certainly thought as much, blushed, and hated herself. "How mean you are!" she murmured. "You'll never get even a second-hand compliment from me, hereafter."

"Have this fan," said Calderon sympathetically. "Don't imagine that I seriously suspected you. I know about how 'awful' your teacher is to you."

Paralie laughed, and asked him what the others were waiting for.

"I don't know," he replied. He looked considerably at the isolated group of young men.

"The waiting-time, my brothers, is the hardest time of all."

Babe Elton, jealously anxious to call Calderon from Paralie's side, determined to kill two birds with one stone, and break the ice by breaking the candy.

He brought out the dish-pan, covered with a towel, and placed it upon the table; then summoning Calderon, gave him a written list of those entitled to participate in the candy-breaking—for not by any means might every one present hope to share the sweets provided at that entertainment! Only the girls, and such of the boys as had individually paid ten cents, were “down upon the list.”

“Babe Elton,” said Calderon, beginning to read the names aloud.

Paralie, who, surrounded by the girls, had not noticed what was going on, started a little as the clear tones reached her ear.

“You better jump,” said Mrs. Brummet. “Babe’s shore ter make a break right fur you.”

Babe came up, smiling so confidently, that Paralie ardently longed to mitten him, but it would not have been en regle. “Paralie, will you break candy with me?” said Babe.

“Certainly,” said Paralie, dimpling as if the invitation gave her the greatest pleasure; but it was the absurdity of the performance which excited her smiles. She and Babe walked solemnly down to the dish-pan, over which Calderon stood guard, and each slipping a hand in under the towel, drew out a short piece of stick candy. The two pieces did not match, i. e., were of different sticks.

“I was afraid of that!” said Calderon, with malicious glee. “Break, break, break!”

Paralie returned her piece of candy to the dish-pan, and taking hold of Babe’s piece, assisted him in the difficult task of breaking the short piece in two.

“My name is next,” said Calderon. “Miss Orchard, will you do me the honor to break candy with me?”

He and Paralie drew pieces exactly alike.

“They are striped different!” Babe declared.

“They are precisely alike,” said Calderon. “Now, Miss Orchard, you are my partner for the rest of the evening.”

“You ain’t got no gall, Clarence, have you?” said Babe, indignantly. “She’s

your partner jest tell some other fellow asks her ter break candy agin.”

“No, sir,” said Calderon. “When two match candy, that makes them partners for the evening. Else there’d be no use of matching, would there, Mrs. Brummet?”

“I know in reason it ought ’o be that a way,” said Mrs. Brummet, “but it ’ud cut a purty girl like Paralie out uv a heap o’ candy.”

“Paralie, do you want to play that a way?” asked Babe, angrily.

“No,” said Paralie. “Let’s play as we’ve always played.”

“Ah!” said Calderon. “You are after the candy.”

But Babe looked triumphant, considering Calderon virtually “mittened” by this decision.

The candy-breaking proceeded. After all the boys had broken candy with the ladies of their choice, the names of the girls were called, and every damsel present had the pleasure of selecting a knight to share her sticky favors.

Few of the young men profited by this exercise of woman’s rights; it was at this period that the uninvited, impecunious, younger brothers got a fortuitous share of sassafras, peppermint, winter-green or lemon; for the girls, fancy free or coy, would not choose the older swains, who looked on in bitter mirth as the ladies led the ‘kids’ to the dish-pan.

The candy had just come to an end, when the arrival of two fiddlers with their instruments, created much excitement among the guests, many of whom belonged to a church whose strict rules debarred its members from attending dances or even “play-parties.”

“Jes’ like Babe Elton! ter git up a dance ’n’ call it a candy-breakin’!” they murmured, indignantly.

Some manifested their disapproval by taking leave; a wise fleeing from temptation.

Mrs. Brummet, a tall, harsh-featured, strong-voiced woman, laid the case before her remaining guests in the following terms: “Me ’n’ Babe ’n’ the rest o’ my family don’t belong ter no church, but we don’t aim to hurt the feelings of them

that does belong. Babe asked you young folks ter a candy-breakin', 'n' you've hed a candy-breakin',—'n' now he wants ter have a little dance while the floor's new 'n' ther ain't no plasterin' to shake down! Whoever wants ter take part is welcome—but them that don't approve o' dancin' kin go in the other house 'n' play 'snap' or any other inner-cent game like that."

"Oh, desperation!" murmured Calderon. "To have to choose between 'snap' and dancing! Do you snap?" he asked eagerly of Paralie.

"No," she answered, laughing.

"Ther's a good fire in the other house," continued Mrs. Brummet, "'n' pop-corn 'n' apples 'n' cider—you kin have a good time in there ef you want to—but ef anybody wants ter go home, why, ther ain't no strings tied to 'em; they kin go."

These gracious permissions resulted in a division of the party, the church members sulkily leaving the dancing faction in full possession of the new house. Babe hurried about, arranging the room to give space for the dancing, and cast glances toward Calderon, who, as Babe suspected, was desirous of securing Paralie for a partner. Paralie, on her part, was avoiding Calderon; but he presently found opportunity to ask her for the first dance. She declined to dance, and looked a martyr at being condemned to sit still.

Calderon, much disappointed, inquired: "Has that 'gar' got ahead of me again?"

"Nein, gold-fischlein! But 'you are too fresh; the dust sticks to you.'"

"There is no dust here," said Calderon, provoked by the allusion to his previous words. "You know that such advantages as we have here are too rare to be slighted. A smooth, clean floor, two good musicians, plenty of room, and a cool evening! you will not be so unkind as to spoil all these, will you?"

"Since you condescend to approve of the provision made for your entertainment, why not come out boldly and ask one of the gars to dance with you?" said Paralie, maliciously.

"I wish you joy of your gars," said Calderon. "If you will not dance with me, I may as well go home. At least I need not hinder your dancing with those who can please you."

He went to Mrs. Brummet and excused himself by the plea that late hours were not compatible with his school duties. The dance proceeded, and was pleasant enough until the arrival of a party of Babe's friends who had not been invited, and who succeeded in punishing him for the omission by disturbances which caused an early departure of Babe's better bred acquaintances. The disappointed young dancers were unspeakably indignant; the young church-members were consoled; and the Orchards privately agreed that there was no use in hoping for a decent dance in that neighborhood.

Paralie had to endure Calderon's satires upon the conduct of her chosen associates, but she did so with a very complete air of smiling indifference, and emphasized her disregard of his opinions by accepting invitations to the series of candy-breakings which now followed in quick succession. Calderon seldom went, and he would have been heartily glad had he had the right to forbid his pupils to go; the excitement, and dissipation of such late hours as these parties called for, demoralized his school utterly.

"I was doing so well until this epidemic of candy-breakings broke out," he complained. "Now, I'm constantly tempted either to suspend a majority of my pupils or to hang myself."

"The old school is not worth the worry you are giving it," said Paralie. "No one can say that you've left anything undone for its success."

"It is but five months old," the teacher observed.

"Sha'n't you be glad when it's nine months old—and over?"

"That depends," said Calderon, and Paralie would not ask any further questions, nor would she give a satisfactory answer when asked if the end of the term was looked forward to by herself.

But to Nora she confided that she felt "plum" sorry for Mr. Calderon. "The

children," said she, "are stupid and mean enough when they aren't sleepy, but after they've been up a night or two they are just abominable. I know by the way I feel how impossible 'tis to study after being up of nights. And Mr. Calderon has no mercy on me! If he knows that I've had but half an hour's sleep he sets me lessons as long as his arm, all the same. And I don't dare complain, for he is just wanting an excuse to give me a tremendous lecture. But that he sha'n't have! His wishes are my law in the school-room; and I learn the lessons if it kills me, so that an armed peace exists between us."

"I think it's seldom that you make do with only half an hour's sleep," said Nora. "I'm 'plum' ashamed of Mr. Calderon's being late at school so often since he came here to board. He is always up early enough; if he could but have his breakfast in time."

"It's scandalous!" said Paralie, flushing. "If those lazy boys would get up and make the fire, I'd have breakfast in time, but they won't budge out of bed until about eight o'clock. That's a pretty hour for farmers to rise at! It's of no use to talk to that Bernard, but I just told Carl what I thought of him, this morning."

"Carl does more than Bernard," said Nora, excusingly.

"And that is precious little?—He begun it, this morning—came in sneering about breakfast being late—'We need another cook, Clarence—we've only three, at present—one more would enable us to breakfast by noon, perhaps.' 'If you want to agitate that question, Mr. Carl Orchard,' said I, 'I'll inform you that what we need is a man—There was no wood to get breakfast with this morning. Your father kindled the fire, and while he was out feeding, I had to hunt around in the snow for brush and chips to cook with and you, sir, were lying comfortably in bed! I suppose that you expected Mr. Calderon to chop the wood, since he has several times taken pity on us, but that's a good deal to ask of a boarder, I think.' Mr. Calderon looked scandalized, and

oh! Carl was fierce! But I don't care! Let Master Carl 'skeet before hees own door,' as the Frenchman said."

Nora sighed, oppressed by the fact that life in Pocus Place seemed gloomier every day. Every day her father seemed more irascible, her mother more saddened by anxieties; and now Paralie was at swords' points with their favorite brother. "We do get along the least!" she said, dolefully. "I believe this old place is haunted by some sort of evil spirits. We've had nothing but bad luck since we came here."

"The place is haunted by some mighty lazy spirits, since we moved in," said Paralie. "I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I shall go to this one more candy-breaking, and then I'll settle down to study and hard work. I meant to inaugurate the new régime at New Year's, but my good resolutions weren't proof against the fun that prevailed just then. But I'm tolerably tired of 'galette' now."

"Going to change off to 'cake'?" asked Nora. "Lord-cake, eh?"

"I'll make a jelly-cake of you directly!" said Paralie, reddening.

Confidence between the two sisters was complete, and rivalry unthought of, so that Nora was kept fully informed of most that passed between Paralie and the latter's various admirers, while Paralie was equally advised of all Nora's exploits. "Apropos of lords and lessons," said Nora. "Mr. Calderon once said to me, that if you had my turn for study he didn't know that he would be more than able to keep up with you." Paralie turned away to hide a blush of pleasure; she regretted having neglected the gifts which her teacher praised, and resolved, that if it were possible for her to become his intellectual peer, no effort on her part should be lacking in the future.

"Don't you wish I'd stay and help you with those examples?" she said to Calderon, jestingly, that evening, when she found him in the parlor, looking over some mathematical problems.

"Yes," he replied, "for then, perhaps, I shouldn't need to help you with them to-morrow. You are making little progress in your studies, Paralie."

"I know it," she said. "But one of these days I'll put a tortoise move on my hare-brained mind and it will 'get there' to your complete satisfaction."

"The hare can hardly be accused of over-sleeping in this case," said Calderon. "You are going out again, I see."

"With your lordship's permission," said Paralie, ironically, and wanted to choke Nora for indulging in a giggle. Calderon frowned at the problems before him, and said disapprovingly: "I'd think you had had enough of such fun as a candy-breaking can afford."

"Babe says there's no fun at all unless I'm there," said Paralie, but for all her apparent naiveté she took care not to meet Calderon's eyes, after this remark.

"I'd think you'd had enough of that rowdyfied Babe Elton," spoke up her brother Carl. "Everyone else in the family has, I know."

Paralie's cheeks crimsoned, but she retorted composedly: "Babe works too hard to suit some people, I suppose—or he has been cut out in Mr. Orchard's affections by Dicky Davis."

Dicky Davis was a disreputable chum of Carl's, strongly objected to by the latter's parents and despised by the girls. Carl found no reply to Paralie's sneer, and she left the room, putting on her gloves. Nora, who was suffering from a sore throat and could not go out, followed Paralie into the hall.

"You'll not go, since Carl is not going, I suppose," she said to Paralie.

"I am going, though," said Paralie. "There will be a whole crowd on the road with us; but, Nora, you need not tell mamma that nobody but Babe is with me."

Vanity and perversity, pride and self-will were at work in her imperious mind, yet, as she took her seat beside Babe in the light wagon which should have held two couples, she had an uncomfortable sense that she was playing with edged tools. As they drove on and no other travelers appeared upon the road, she realized that it was late, and that the drive would be a solitary one. She was

very angry with Babe, though he had good excuses for being late, and it was not his fault that their expected companions failed them.

Paralie had no timidity, and she knew that it was nothing unusual for a girl to go when and where she pleased with a young man, in that region, but she knew that her appearance thus with Babe Elton would give him an air of acceptedness which she was far from wishing to grant him.

Already, he had the sense of it; his manner showed the encouragement which he felt. Paralie, deeply incensed by what she chose to call his presumption, treated him to the most exasperating repulses, and angered him to the extent of making him declare that she needn't think he would take a mitten from her; it would be "too thin, after all she had done to encourage him."

"You'll wear it, hereafter, thick or thin, Mr. Elton," said Paralie, laughing scornfully.

"I bet ef you mitten me you'll be sorry fer it!" said Babe fiercely.

"We will see about that," said Paralie coolly.

Babe was furious; he muttered curses not only deep, but loud enough for the hearing of his companion, who felt considerably frightened as well as shocked by language so unusual to her ears. She called "whoa" to the horses; they obeyed, and she arose from her seat, saying that she would walk, she would not listen to any such language.

"You'll listen to jes' whut I wantter say!" said Babe, taking hold of her arm and pulling her back into her seat. As soon as he took his hand from her arm, Paralie seized the whip, struck him across the face as hard as she could, then leaning forward she laid the lash on to the horses with all her might. Startled and maddened by the sudden pain, the horses bounded forward, got the bits in their teeth and started on a regular run, in spite of Babe's voice and rein. It was a mad ride, then, over rocks and stumps, through mud-holes and gullies, and very fortunate it was for the riders that the house where the candy-breaking was

assembled was on the road, so that a crowd of men and boys stopped the excited team before any damage was done.

Among the crowd was Calderon, who had followed Babe and Paralie on horseback—he came up to the wagon, and anxiously asked Paralie if she was hurt in any way.

"Not in the least, thank you," replied Paralie, to whom the sight of him was exquisitely welcome. She arose and put out her hands for him to help her from the wagon.

"I'm thankful you are not hurt," he said, as he helped her down. "You look pale."

"Whut made that stripe acrost your face, Babe?" inquired one of the men, holding his lantern up to Babe's sullen face.

"Saplin' struck it," said Babe, scowling fearfully; but Paralie smiled as she went into the house with Calderon.

The candy-breaking got small enlivenment from either Babe or Paralie, that night; the former stayed outside, mostly, and Paralie excused herself on the grounds of the recent shock to her nerves. She was glad when an opportunity offered itself by which she could escape altogether from the noisy crowd; in a house across the yard, one of her acquaintances was lying ill; Paralie went in to see her, and at her own request was left to keep the sick woman company, while the others returned to the party in the other house. Paralie sat on the bed, in the dark, and talked with the invalid—all the lights and chairs of the establishment were in requisition at the other house—but the latter had taken an opiate, and making many apologies for her drowsiness, presently fell asleep.

Sitting there alone, Paralie mentally canvassed the vexing question: how she was to get back home—heartily she wished, now, that she had not left that haven; she was well punished for her neglect of advice. To return with Babe was out of the question; he stood revealed to her in his true colors; she had never felt the least regard for him, now she despised him. But how was she to refuse

his company home unless she made her quarrel with him public? and even if she could make up her mind to that, nobody present would be apt to interfere with Babe's arrangements—unless Mr. Calderon would. If she gave Mr. Calderon but a hint of what had taken place, she would have prompt protection and his escort home, she knew, but oh! the humiliation of having to go to him—of putting him to trouble, when, had she heeded his advice, she would have been safe at home.

She was startled from her uncomfortable musings by the sound of voices outside. A window was open to freshen the air of the room, and Paralie could hear distinctly what was said outside.

"Whut started the hosses, Babe?" one of the speakers asked.

"Why," said Babe, "I had my arm around Paralie, a huggin' her, 'n' I give her such a buss that the fool hosses thought 'twus a whip cracked—"

"You lie, Elton," said Calderon's voice, vibrant with rage. "And if you don't take it back I'll beat the life out of you."

A chance to fight with Calderon was precisely what Babe wanted; he stepped up to him, saying: "I don't take the lie frum no man," and emphasized his words with a blow; but Calderon was ready for him, and parrying the assault, retaliated by a blow which knocked Babe down. Babe was brave and strong and used to fighting, but Calderon's equal strength and bravery had had a careful training; with the advantage which his first blow had given him, it was not long before he had punished Babe to his heart's content, and forced him to retract his insolent story. It did not seem long, that is to anyone but Paralie, who stood wringing her hands as she listened at the window. She felt that it was her fault; she was sick with shame and with apprehension for Calderon.

When, at last, Babe was led away, and Calderon was being brushed and complimented by the excited crowd, she felt profoundly thankful, and slipping from the room went over to the other house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GIRLS AND BOYS

NUMBER 306.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



HE morning was very pleasant, but, so far, all the mornings had been pleasant at this delightful, out-of-the-way resort. Mrs. Bradford

drew a long breath as she descended the hotel steps. Her physician had certainly been right when he recommended a change of climate. Already she could feel the influence of the mild air and the long days spent out of doors. As she reached the sidewalk she paused with a questioning smile.

"Where to, Mildred?" she asked.

The little girl who was skipping along by her side looked up brightly.

"The plaza, of course, mamma. You can read and I will play. This afternoon we'll go down on the beach."

The street was very quiet. An occasional dray with its load of trunks and baggage and here and there a group of pleasure-seekers on their way to the plaza or the beach. Overhead, a few buzzards circled lazily about and from the direction of the plaza came a slight breeze which was laden with the perfume of orange blossoms and the saltiness of the bay which glistened beyond the trees.

As they reached the corner a keen newsboy darted across the street, and his shrewd face broadened into a grin when his customer smilingly refused the change he offered.

Through the openings in the trees they could see the white sails of pleasure

boats on the bay, and, beyond these, the green shore of Promontory Point. Near the extreme end of the Point rose the tall, white buildings of the State Penitentiary. Mrs. Bradford shivered a little as she saw them. The grim buildings seemed out of place in this quiet winter resort.

It was not far to the plaza, but when they reached it they found that most of the settees were already occupied. They walked down one of the side paths and came back by the fountain. As they did so Mildred turned suddenly.

"There's a seat that's most all empty," she whispered, eagerly.

It was a little off the path and half hidden by the low branches of a live oak. As they approached, Mrs. Bradford noticed that its only occupant was a tall young man whose face looked strangely white and eager. He watched them curiously as they sat down and his lips parted in a friendly smile. Then, as though conscious of impropriety, he got up and began to walk back and forth uneasily. For a time Mrs. Bradford scarcely noticed him, then something peculiar about his step caused her to raise her eyes from the book she was reading. The young man seemed to have forgotten their presence and was walking back and forth with bowed head. Every few seconds he wheeled sharply and retraced his steps. Mrs. Bradford noticed with curious wonder that he always wheeled at exactly the same points. Then she saw that his left foot dragged behind the other as though it carried a heavy weight. At first she

thought he was lame, but even while she was compassionating him he raised his head with a quick, startled movement, and, for a time, the lameness disappeared and the walk was extended to the end of the path. Then his head once more sank upon his breast, the short turns were resumed and the left foot again began its weary, dragging motion. Apparently he was conscious of his weakness, for several times she saw him recover himself impatiently and glance sharply around.

Overhead, the mocking birds were calling to each other and something in their notes seemed to arouse him from his reverie. Presently he stopped beneath the tree and glanced up with a rapt expression on his face. Mrs. Bradford saw it and her eyes softened.

"You like the birds?" she asked, pleasantly.

"I—used to," he replied, hesitatingly. Then noticing the surprise in her face he added, apologetically: "I haven't seen any before for most ten years. They seem sort of strange."

He stood still for a moment with the color deepening on his sallow cheeks, then he slouched forward and threw himself on the grass at the foot of the tree. Mrs. Bradford gazed at him curiously for a moment and then returned to her book.

Out on the path Mildred was playing with her ball. At length it struck a limb and bounded toward the young man. He picked it up eagerly and half rose to his feet, but seeing the frightened look on her face he tossed it back and resumed his slouching position on the grass.

After awhile the ball again rolled to his feet. This time he did not offer to return it. As Mildred approached he looked up with a smile.

"The cover is coming off your ball," he said, pleasantly. "If you'll let me I'll fix it. I know how."

"But mamma said I'd have to take it to a shoemaker," she answered, doubtfully. "Leather is awful hard to sew."

"Not if you have things to work with," he said, quietly. "See here."

Taking a small package from his pocket, he opened it and showed her several curious needles and some coarse, shining thread.

"They gave them to me when I left the—the place where I learned my trade," he said in a low voice. "I don't suppose I shall ever use them. My folks will not let me do that. But I shall always keep them near me. Sometime I may need advice and this little package will be able to tell me a great many things—a great many sad things which you will never understand, little one," he added, gently.

Mildred gazed at him wonderingly, but as she saw the skilled fingers draw the leather over the ball and fasten it securely in place her look of wonder changed to one of pleasure.

"I'm ever so much obliged," she said, gratefully. "I'd hated awfully to lose the ball. Grandpa gave it to me." She watched him a few moments in silence and then added with a sudden burst of confidence: "Grandpa lives at our house and we're going home as soon's it gets warm."

The young man sewed on for a few moments in silence. At last the ball was finished and he carefully replaced the needles in his pocket.

"I'm going home, too," he said gravely, as he handed her the ball. "I'm waiting for the train, now."

"And have you got a mamma?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Yes, and she has been waiting for me a long, long time. Poor little mother!" the last too low for her to hear.

As the little girl was moving away he recalled her with a sudden gesture.

"I wish you would take this," he said, earnestly, as he gave her a tiny box of exquisite workmanship. "I made it from a piece of ivory which was found on a battle field and intended to give it to my sister. You make me think of her."

"Won't she want it?" Mildred asked.

"She is dead," was the grave answer.

The little girl's face grew sympathetic.

"I'm sorry," she said, gently, "and

I'd like to have the box ever so much. But I must ask mamma."

In a few minutes she returned.

"Mamma says I mustn't take gifts from strangers," she said, regretfully, "but I'm ever so much obliged, just the same."

The sun spots moved slowly across the grass and disappeared, one by one, in the thicker shadows of the trees. The young man watched them listlessly. At length a clock began to strike in the distance and he counted the strokes carefully. When it ceased he got up and once more began to walk back and forth. But now his head was erect and his left foot had lost its dragging motion. And on his face was a tender, expectant smile.

Mildred had grown tired of her ball and was watching the water as it fell splashing into the broad basin of the fountain. As the young man approached she looked up timidly.

"Are you going now?" she asked.

"Not for another half hour," he replied. "I would rather wait here than down at the station." For some moments he stood gazing at her. Evidently her face brought up some memory of the past, for he sighed as he turned away.

A little later Mrs. Bradford was aroused by excited voices. Several figures rushed past her. For a moment she gazed around wonderingly, then she rose and followed. Near the fountain was a group of excited people, in the open space beyond she recognized Mildred playing with her ball. What was the matter?

But even as she wondered came the wild rush of a pair of frightened horses into the open space. What followed happened so quickly that she could not realize it until it was over. Mildred was placed, sobbing, in her arms and a hushed group closed about the silent figure on the ground.

"The bravest thing I ever saw," said one man, in a low voice.

"But a sad thing for the poor fellow and his family—if he has any," said another, compassionately.

Two of the guards from the Penitentiary came across the plaza and joined the group. A moment later one of them

gave a few quick directions to a hackman who was standing near.

"It is Number 306," Mrs. Bradford heard him say. "Poor fellow! and he has only been out a few hours. I must telegraph to his folks."

Mrs. Bradford waited until she saw them place the motionless figure in the hack, then she walked slowly back to the settee.

Under the live oak she saw something glisten. Picking it up she found it was the little ivory box.

"Here, Mildred," she said in a low voice, "you may keep it."

LITTLE PIERROT.

BY ALFRED L. FLUDE.

LITTLE Pierrot sat all alone in the midst of the violets, and thought, and thought, and thought. He plucked the purple blossoms one by one and ruffled their dainty petals. He gently uprooted the fibrous plants as if he might find the source of their fragrance there, then buried his face in his hands and a sympathetic robin overhead thought she heard a sob.

"What is the matter, Little Pierrot; what is the matter, matter?" sang the robin.

A tom-tit from the branch of a hazel near by chirped boldly, "Tell it, tell it, tell it," while a turtle-dove in the branches of the rough old oak murmured, "Poor, poor Pierrot."

And Little Pierrot sobbed again.

A daisy glanced at him from out of the tousled grasses, then bent down to a modest violet all agog with curiosity, and whispered, "He is in love."

"He is in love," echoed the violet to the bending grasses.

"He is in love," giggled the bending blades to the leaves.

"He is in love," re-echoed the leaves, and the birds heard it and chattered, and laughed, and sang to think of Little Pierrot sitting sobbing over his love. And the turtle-dove—she is so tender-hearted—sobbed too, and murmured, "Poor, poor Pierrot."

Little Pierrot, sitting among the violets, thought of his pretty sweetheart and sobbed the more. For the pursy Padre Paldo, who dined on fat goose every day and washed it down with Bordeaux, had told him that all flesh was dust (the good padre mentally excepted goose-flesh) and that the soul alone, that spark which none had ever seen, was all that was really his little sweetheart. So Little Pierrot sat among the violets and thought, and thought, and thought.

"It is Little Francois, herself, I love, and not her body. For other dimples and pretty ankles can never allure me. It is Little Francois, herself, I love. And Little Francois I have never seen. For did not the good Padre say we have never seen a soul?" And Little Pierrot wept afresh that he could never see his little sweetheart.

Now, there is no star in all the heavens, where distances are lost in vastness and the earth's orbit of ninety million miles is sometimes too short to be used as a foot-rule, which is so hopelessly beyond our vision, so utterly separated from every other heavenly sphere, as one soul is separated from another. All this Little Pierrot began to realize.

"Tut, tut," said the robin. "Go down to the good smith Juan. A cunning man he is, I know. He can build you a tower from the top of which you can see all the world. Can you not then see Little Francois herself?"

"Yes, yes," said the sparrow, "and visit the gray old spider who spins in the belfry of the Cathedral. He will spin for you gossamer threads and will weave a bridge to span the gulf between her soul and thine."

"Go down to the hermit in the dark woods," said the turtle-dove. "He will spin for you theories and philosophies that will make your troubles vanish."

So, Little Pierrot dried his eyes and went to the good smith Juan and told his trouble, and the good smith smiled and shook his head.

Then up to the top of the huge belfry climbed Little Pierrot and there he

found the gray old spider and again he told his sorrow. "For years and years," said the spider, "my gossamer threads have floated in the breeze and in their meshes have I caught my daily fare. Yet, never have the silken threads enmeshed a human soul. How, then, can my threads avail you?"

Then into the dark woods went Little Pierrot, till he found the hermit and once more he related his grief. But the wise old man had spent his life gazing into the depths of his own being and knew naught of others.

So Little Pierrot went back to the violets, and again he wept. For, there is no worker in wood or iron, no weaver of delicate theories, no spinner of gorgeous fancies, who has ever yet constructed of substantial stuffs or of gossamer threads, a bridge to cross the chasm between your soul and mine.

Then through the whispering grasses came a gentle step.

"It is Little Francois," echoed the leaves.

"Little Francois, Little Francois," re-echoed all the birds, while Little Pierrot still wept among the violets.

And all the leaves and grasses hid their faces for very love, and the birds looked up to see if it would rain. And when they gazed again on Little Pierrot, the smiles had chased away the tears. And whether he loved Little Francois herself or only her kisses and her dimples, he never knew. And whether, in the depths of her blue eyes, he once caught a glimpse of her purest of souls, he could only wonder. For a glance, sometimes, or a pressing of the hand, or a quick sob of sympathy will come like a message from a far-off land. But among the odorous violets Little Pierrot wept no more, for either Little Francois herself, or her smiles and her dimples, always chased away his tears.

But at the Abbey, every day, the good Padre dined on roast goose and Bordeaux, then walked slowly down, beneath the elms, to the cathedral, deep in problems of the soul.



THE OLD COVERLET.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE old loom stood in the attic, in the southeast corner where
The sunshine broke through the peach-tree's leaves and ripened the fruitage
rare,

The attic from whose brown rafters the traces of seed corn hung,
And bunches of hyssop, and thyme, and sage, from the oaken cross-beams swung.

In that dusty and slumbering attic when the summer days grew long,
The drowsy wheel of the spinner kept singing its tireless song,
As back and forth to its music in those years of long ago,
The fair young girl of the farm-house went spinning the "rolls" of snow.

The robin sang in the peach-tree a song of love to his mate,
Just as the robin sings to-day in the elm by the garden gate ;
The wind was west, and the clouds sailed on across the blue highway,
And hearts were beating with love and hope just as hearts beat to-day.

When the yarn was spun, the wondrous web was put in the dusty loom,
A coverlet for the fair young bride to spread in her best spare room,
Grandma designed the pattern, they called it the "Desert Flowers,"
And it took on shape, and beauty, and hue, in the long slow summer hours.

In her quaint blue gown, and kerchief white as sunny apple bloom,
The sweet-faced woman sat before the lathe of the clattering loom,
The shuttle flew on its busy round, and the stuff on the cloth-beam grew,
And the tireless "quiller" took the quills and wound them all anew.

Ah! faithful weaver! thy loom is still, and the dust and mildew lie
On its skeleton form, as I climb to the attic the stairs so steep and high,
I look in vain for the peach-tree green, and the humming wheel is still,
And the spiders weave their strange soft webs, and snare their prey at will.

For scores of years the calm June days their mellow course have run,
For scores of years the changing moons have brought the cloud and sun,
The gold of autumn, the green of spring, and the wintry winds that blow
From the mountain lands, where the storms are nursed in their swaddling clothes of
snow.

And now the coverlet old and quaint before me folded lies,
Its curious "Desert Flowers" still bloom, scarce dimmed their fadeless dyes—
Strange that a thing like this should last, when heart, and hand and brain
That wrought it out, for sixty years within the dust have lain.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

SOME SWEDISH COURTSHIPS.

ANNE CONWAY.

THERE is marrying and giving in marriage no doubt in every land under the sun. Lovers in Jupiter and Saturn may have different ways of declaring their affection, and the men of warlike Mars may try to carry maiden hearts by storm, but there is one universal language we suppose wherever the sun shines that is always understood, the language of the eye, the magnetic flash that says so much more than words. The man in the moon (if he were not too old for such "sweet dallying") would find some way to tell a girl on the Earth that he loved her if he wished to do so. So in all countries "if a lover is a lover," he can manage by mental telegraphy to declare his passion, and behind the backs of unwilling fathers and mothers and austere duennas. "Courtship is like dying, a man must do it for himself," says the Irishman, but etiquette frequently demands that the preliminaries be carried on by a third person. As this custom varies in different countries from France to China, so it varies in different provinces of the same country as in Sweden.

Young Sweden is beginning to take matters in his own hands now and sometimes ignores the go-between with the object of his affections, but in some of the provinces the "boneman" still retains his office and looks upon himself as one of the most important personages in the country. His name signifies his office—"one who entreats."

The Swedes are a light-hearted, pleas-

ure-loving, handsome people. The young girls of from fifteen to eighteen are often very beautiful, tall, graceful, well-formed, have exquisite complexions, large blue eyes, and abundant golden hair, which they wear in two long plaits tied at the ends with gay ribbons, except on grand occasions, when it falls loose on their shoulders.

But the beauty is evanescent. Most of the women share the field work with the men, and the delicate skin becomes roughed and the features grow coarse from exposure to the weather. But the man who at twenty is a model of manly grace is equally handsome at forty, with an added dignity to his carriage. So with youth and beauty on both sides, wooing is not apt to be a tardy affair.

Although it is the practice in those parts of Sweden where the old usages still obtain, to employ the "boneman," the young people have usually decided the matter by lover's telegraphy for themselves, but the man in custom bound takes the "boneman" into his confidence and withdraws from all active part in the affair for the time. A recent traveller in Sweden tells of one of these betrothals. "First, accompanied by the lover, the 'boneman' calls at the house of the bride-elect, and addressing himself to her parents, unfolds his errand with much solemnity; expatiates upon the good qualities of the aspirant, his amiability, steadiness, and generosity, and the probability that he will make a good husband. Then he proceeds to more mundane matters, and enumerates the worldly goods of which the youth is possessed, his present income and future prospects; making out as good a case

for his client as he can, and interlarding his discourse with appropriate texts of Scripture, not forgetting Eleazar's similar errand, by way of exalting his own office, and hinting that his host cannot do better than imitate the conduct of Laban upon that occasion.

"When his eloquence is exhausted, the worthy 'boneman' entreats permission to introduce his client to the lady, quite ignoring any informal interviews which may have taken place previously. If the lover is unwelcome to the parents, the proposed visit is courteously declined; but if the alliance suggested meets with their approval, the meeting is at once arranged, the girl herself taking no part in the discussion; it is, in fact, her cue to maintain an air of complete indifference to throughout the interview.

"At the time appointed, the 'boneman' arrives, with the young man in charge, and presents him to the lady with an elaborate and eulogistic speech. At this stage of the proceedings it is not etiquette for the young people to talk to each other, or to show any mark of preference. The girl therefore busies herself with her knitting, and tries to look unconcerned, while the unfortunate youth twiddles his thumbs, and succeeds in looking ineffably foolish without trying at all! Throughout this trying ordeal, Phyllis has decidedly the best of it, for her hands and eyes are well employed, whereas poor Corydon does not know which way to look, and finds his hands and feet uncomfortably in his way.

"Meanwhile, the 'boneman' and his host are arranging the day of betrothal, a ceremony second only in importance to the wedding, the festivities being frequently kept up for several days.

"If the farmer is in prosperous circumstances, he invites a large number of neighbors and relatives to grace his daughter's betrothal, the party being doubled by the friends and kinsfolk who arrive with the young man. The clergyman also accompanies him, and the 'boneman,' who makes the most of this, his last day of power.

"The host meets his guests at the door, offering to each a small glass of brandy,

which is the universal token of welcome throughout both Norway and Sweden. The visitors 'skål' the happy pair, and then enter the house, preceded by the minister, who makes an address suitable to the occasion.

"The 'boneman' now bustles forward, places his charges in the centre of the room, and the ceremony begins. First, the lovers exchange 'minde' rings, then they clasp hands in token of constancy, while the clergyman asks each in turn the solemn question, 'Before God the Almighty and All-knowing, and in the presence of these witnesses, I ask thee if thou wilt have him (or her) for thy betrothed?' Then follows the Lord's Prayer, a solemn benediction closing the simple and beautiful little service.

"Friends now gather round and lay their hands upon the clasped hands of the lovers, thus bearing witness to the oaths of fidelity. The minister delivers another address, and then everybody shakes hands with the young couple and wishes them joy.

"The company now sit down to the banquet prepared; that over, dancing begins, and is kept up to a late hour. At length the lights are put out, and the guests dispose themselves to slumber as best they can under the circumstances. When a party numbers two hundred or more, it is reasonable to suppose that beds cannot be found for all. The hostess can do no more than provide an abundance of clean straw, which is heaped upon the floor of kitchen and barn. Happily, Swedes are not fastidious, and accommodate themselves to circumstances with great cheerfulness. They lie down promiscuously upon the sweet straw, sleep the sleep of the just, and awake in the morning ready for another day of feasting, dancing, and singing." Saturday evening is the universal "bundling" or courting time all over Sweden, and Saturday is one of the busiest days of the week. The house must be made brilliant with scrubbing, and rubbing, and cleanliness for Sunday, and every member of the family undergoes a similar process.

The great barn is utilized as a bathroom and by supper time each lad and lassie is as polished as soap and water, and brushing and braiding of hair and fresh Sunday garments can make them.

The young men are coxcombs at least once a week, and show as much desire to appear to advantage as their weaker sisters, and depart after the evening meal on their own "bundling" expeditions.

As we have before said, different customs prevail in different parts of Sweden. In Delecorlia the young men assemble on Saturday evenings and go around the parish serenading the girls of their own "clan"—the compliment is paid to none other; it is a great breach of propriety for a man to marry out of his own parish. New York is nothing like so exclusive even within its circle of the four hundred. The Delecorlians are the handsomest as well as the poorest of the Swedish peasantry.

A "dahlkulla" or engaged girl frequently wears a "minde" or engagement ring many years before she puts on the bridal crown. She is a brave girl, too, and does all that she in her station of life can do, to help earn the money needful for the matrimonial start in life. She works in the fields, she will trudge up to Stockholm, that Venice of Northern Europe, with a bundle containing her scant wardrobe, walking along barefoot, carrying her shoes in her hands for economy's sake. When in the gay city full of temptations, she does not forget the object of her coming and works till the end is accomplished and then sets her face homeward, back to her lakes and mountains with a joyful heart. Sometimes she is a house servant in the capital, but no occupation is too menial for her. Her preference, however, air-loving maiden that she is, is generally for some sort of out-of-door employment and she may usually be found on the watery roads of the city. Stockholm being built on many small islands, the irregular water-ways running between long rows of houses serve as streets. These pretty canals are full of boats plying up and down, and our "dahlkulla" is seen with two others of her kind, one

steering and two rowing, handsome, bright, kind-hearted, and most skillful with the oars. Their Delecorlian costumes, so unlike that of the Stockholm girls, is a picturesque feature in the water-ways—they wear short, green woolen skirts, red bodices without sleeves turned back in front to exhibit the snowy chemise with full sleeves covering the arms and fastened at the wrists. They wear gay striped aprons, scarlet stockings, and heavy shoes with the heel as uncomfortably placed under the hollow of her foot as if fashioned by some Parisian shoemaker.

Swedish courtship differs in each province and each parish, though so slightly sometimes that it is difficult to avoid confusing the customs. In some places the mere giving of a ring amounts to an offer of marriage, as Paul du Chaillu once found to his amazement. He was staying in a farmer's family and he accompanied the members of it to a fair. He presented the pretty daughter of the house with a gold ring which was accepted with some trepidation, but with smiles and blushes. The gift was seen by friends and by-standers and the act was much applauded. A few days afterwards the father of the girl called and gravely demanded when Du Chaillu was going to marry his daughter. The traveler extricated himself from the difficulty with his usual agile politeness without hurting the farmer's feelings, and let us believe without causing a broken heart, though perhaps a good deal of mortification. Du Chaillu thereafter gave rings to two or three girls at a time, so finding safety in numbers, and avoiding a breach-of-promise case, if such an outcome of civilization is known in Sweden.

The first of July is a favorite day in the parish of Roneby for betrothals. Early in the morning carts and wagons arrive, arched over with green boughs and drawn by stout horses decked with flowers and ribbons. The wagons are loaded with folk in holiday attire intending to have a good time, and their gay happy nature assists them in carrying it out.

"The clergyman holds a special ser-

vice on the occasion, the church being crowded with youths and maidens each carrying a bouquet, the object of which is seen later. On this day flowers are recognized love-tokens, a bouquet offered and accepted being tantamount to a promise of marriage. Thus, the important question may be asked and answered without a word spoken on either side—a great comfort to bashful swains, who have not yet reached the eloquent stage of love-fever. It is said that this pretty custom is dying out; young men modestly objecting to advertise their intentions by carrying flowers for all the world to see and laugh at. The love-making, no doubt, is carried on quite as successfully, if less openly, and the first of July is not likely to lose its popularity amongst the young folk of the district."

Simple gifts are exchanged upon betrothal, varying of course with the circumstances of the lovers and the locality. Usually the girl gives her sweetheart some article made by herself, receiving in exchange a Prayer Book, on the cover of which is engraved a golden heart and a text in letters of gold. Elsewhere, if the suitor is wealthy, he presents his true-love with a large silver goblet, in which are placed a few silver coins and spoons in token of future prosperity. A spoon appears to be universally considered a symbol of housewifely excellence, and in many parts of Sweden a matron habitually wears a long silver spoon suspended from her girdle.

In some districts betrothal gifts consist of a chain and girdle of silver, a Psalm Book, and a large silver spoon with a crown and leaves chased upon the handle. The girdle and chain betoken prosperity, the book, religion, and the spoon, thrift. A bride-elect is expected to appear at church wearing these symbolic gifts a week before marriage. In return for all these handsome presents, the girl bestows upon her lover a fine linen shirt, spun, woven, and made by her own fair hands; also, a breast knot of gay ribbons, and a pair of red garters. These are six feet in length, and are worn criss-cross over the stockings, fastening in a bow below the knee. The bridegroom wears these

articles of dress upon his wedding-day, and never afterwards, until his earthly pilgrimage is over, when his wedding shirt serves him for a shroud.

Careful and thrifty habits come by inheritance and example from thrifty and careful mothers, and Swedish peasant girls are wonderfully clean and industrious.

As soon as a girl is betrothed she begins to spin and weave linen for the future home. The poverty of the lover is no discouragement to the girl who wears the "minde" ring; she may have to wait years for the little farm which the future husband is too poor to buy or rent, but she goes on her placid way, working steadily for that happy future. So sometimes years slip by, but when the long looked for day does come, the walls of the large room or barn in which the feast takes place are hung with the "furnishings" woven by her own hand, that she will carry to her husband's home; rolls of snowy linen, bales of heavy woolen cloth spun and woven by herself, shawls woven and embroidered by her deft fingers, and gay garments made by herself, that may help fill the kist of her children's children.

THINGS I HAVE NOTICED.

BY ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

THAT those who do the most fault-finding themselves will bear the least fault-finding from others, and will often resent, with strong language, words which meant no offense, but which their exacting spirit construes into an insult.

That those who have the most to say about "not being beholdling to anybody," "am too independent for that," "I don't ask any odds of them," are the very ones who will give the invisible thumbscrew an extra twist on the poor unfortunate who happens to be "beholdling" to them. Measuring others by themselves, is it any wonder that to accept a favor galls them?

That the man who cheerily and

graciously accepts a favor, is the one to whom we instinctively turn in our necessity, believing that he will grant the one, in the same spirit with which he accepts the other, and we have never known to the reverse.

That those who are ill-tempered, overbearing and disagreeable, at times assume a most lamb-like submission and thus convince those who are not "behind the scenes" that they are the injured party, that a martyr's crown awaits them. In fact, we are sometimes inclined to believe that they have convinced themselves, for does not the good book speak of deceiving ourselves?

That many who hold up their hands in holy horror when hearing of some weakness, wrong-doing or sin of another, have been guilty of the same thing, although the world may not know it, and are, in the eyes of Him who knoweth all things, by far the greatest sinner, yet would throw the stone which Christ reserves for him who is without sin.

That those who have the greatest need of forgiveness, are those who never ask for it, and who are the least forgiving to others. (How easy to ask pardon of a generous, noble, whole-souled man, who knows his own weaknesses and need of forgiveness, and who absolves you with a generosity that wins your admiration and entire respect.)

That many people praise others as if every word was one dollar out of their exchequer, and censure them as if each word added one dollar to their finances.

That the peace and happiness of a household is often destroyed by the constant bickering of one or more of its members over things so trivial that one would suppose even a child would consider too unimportant to contend about. And let any one of the family dare to differ with them in opinion, and they will realize—not for the first time—the meaning of the word Purgatory. For the sake of peace, such people have to be appeased, instead of being reprimanded severely. As for contradicting you, they do it with impunity, for you learned, long ago, that discretion was the better part of valor, in a word battle.

That the reason some people are not afraid of the devil is because they are "near kin" to his majesty, and resemble him as doth one pea to another, and one is not apt to be afraid of his counterpart, no matter how hideous it may appear to others.

That one, who is always looking out for slights, who can "take a hint as quick as anybody," etc., etc., must be innately conscious of deserving them; and in this case they get what they expect, even though the slight, oftentimes, is only in their mind's eye.

That for a man to see himself as others see him, would be a greater phenomenon than the red sunsets have been, and Barnum would soon add him to his collection of natural curiosities.

PICTURE FRAMES.

BY MARY.

VERY handsome frames for oil paintings, steel engravings, and other pictures, may be made by decorating plain frames with terraline work.

Have a flat pine frame made the desired size. Leave it unplanned, as the terraline will adhere better to a rough surface. If the corners do not fit perfectly, putty all the cracks. Spread a piece of paper over the table on which you work, and leave the frame in a horizontal position while working. Have everything ready before you begin, as the mixture hardens rapidly while cooling.

To prepare the terraline put one cup of glue and a cupful of hot water in a half-gallon basin, and set it in a pan of hot water on the stove. Stir until all the glue is dissolved, then add a teaspoonful of turpentine and enough gilders' whiting to make it so thick that it will barely run from the spoon. The whiting should be stirred in slowly to keep it free from lumps.

Spread it over the frame until it is a quarter of an inch thick. Roughen the surface with a knitting needle, nail, or

anything that is handy. While doing this the remainder of the terraline should be kept hot. Now put a little in a saucer and work more whiting in it until it can be kneaded like dough. Break off small pieces and roll out one-eighth of an inch thick. Have several rose geranium leaves ready, as that is the first we will imitate. Dip one in dry whiting and lay it on the terraline, rib-side down. Press all over the leaf until the veins show plainly. Remove the leaf and cut out the impression carefully, then press the edges thinner between the fingers. If the veins need to be deepened it can easily be done with a knitting needle. Make twelve leaves in this way before applying them. By this time the terraline on the frame will be "set." Put three leaves in each corner of the frame. A little hot terraline will make them adhere to it. Make more leaves and put a row of them, one above another, overlapping a little, on each side of the frame. The patterns or molds used for wax work can be used for these leaves, if you have them. Set the frame away to dry; this will take twenty-four hours. Then give it two coats of varnish. When this is dry bronze the foundation with diamond bronze paint and the leaves with copper paint. Put a narrow gilded molding inside this frame.

A beautiful frame may be made for a small picture. Get a board three or four inches larger each way than the picture and cut out an oval-shaped opening for it. Cover with terraline and draw curved lines all over the surface with a fork. Roll out pieces of thick terraline and cut in narrow strips; twist them and place around the outside and inside edges of the frame. Cut out several grape leaves, having the largest not more than two inches across. Make grapes by rolling small bits of terraline between the hands until round. Make stems by rolling pieces between two smooth boards until they are round strings. The smaller they are rolled the better the effect will be. Put several leaves and a bunch of grapes in each corner of the frame. Imitate nature by allowing the bunches of grapes to hang downward. Do not let the

leaves lie flat; turn the edges and raise the stems to make them look natural. After the work is dry and varnished gild it all over with diamond gold paint.

Many other designs will suggest themselves after working with the terraline a while, and a little practice will enable anyone to make a good imitation of carved wood. They may be finished in any combination of gold, silver, copper or bronze paints, or ebonized with artists' black.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A RECENT writer has justly said that it is not given to everyone to be a brilliant conversationalist; that requires an assortment of qualities rarely met with in the same individual. For our purpose conversation may be defined as the power of talking pleasantly upon "things in general." By talking pleasantly we mean talking in a way which will please one's audience. To do this it is clear you must not do all the talking yourself, and that tact must be exercised to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of your hearers. Should you violate the former condition, you will undoubtedly be voted a bore; if the latter it is equally certain that you will be considered a bear.

Neither is it sufficient that you are able to discourse eloquently and aptly upon one or two subjects only. It is necessary that you should be able to converse pleasantly upon any topic that may be started to fulfil the first half our definition. Only the natural qualities of good sense and good nature are essential; but to talk well upon a variety of subjects, certain acquirements are necessary which are not born with us. We must possess a certain knowledge of our subjects, which is only to be obtained by reading and thinking, or listening to the remarks of others and inwardly digesting the same.

Of course originality is one of the greatest charms of conversation; but if, adopting the views of well-known writers or speakers upon the subject, be sure to

clothe them in language of your own. It is this power of talking easily about things in general, which presents the greatest stumbling-block to people.

But if it is important for men commencing life to cultivate the art of conversation as an aid to success, how much more important is it for women, whose future life so often depends on their success in society?

A KITCHEN SUPPLIED WITH ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES.

THE latest field which the electricians have set about to invade is that of heating, and the rapidity with which the ground is being occupied indicates that a few years only will be required to effect a revolution in this direction as decided and far-reaching as that already achieved in connection with lighting and power transmission.

At the present time, it may surprise many of our readers to know that appliances and tools for the most varied uses are supplied for heating, and are rapidly finding their way into use, their cleanliness, simplicity, complete control and economy proving recommendations of the highest order in their behalf.

House-warming by means of portable electric heaters is even now practicable in favored situations where current is cheap, and electric heating is being generally applied to street railway cars actuated by the electric system.

For various industrial uses, the method of electric heating is proving itself extremely useful. Thus tailors' irons, laundry and hatters' irons, etc., heated electrically, are used with economy, and with much greater convenience than by the old method of heating, the electric heat having the great advantage of being constantly maintained and under complete control. Soldering irons, curling tongs, branding and marking irons; muffle, crucible, and other furnaces; glue pots, and a lot of other miscellaneous apparatus used in various trades, provided with simple electric connections, are now regular articles of manufacture,

and as soon as their decided advantages become generally known and understood, will find their way widely into use.

It is in the kitchen, however, that we expect to witness the greatest revolution in methods when once the advantages of electric heating are understood by the housewife. A complete outfit of electrically-heated cooking utensils may now be had, forming a radical substitute for the kitchen range, baking ovens, and miscellaneous cooking utensils. The fact that the new mode of heating dispenses with the disagreeable incidents attending the use of coal; that the simple turning of a switch lever takes the place of carrying and supplying coal and moving ashes; that the evolution of obnoxious gases is completely avoided; that the heat is confined strictly to its work, with comparatively little loss by radiation; and that the heat is under absolutely perfect control, are points of such substantial value that their proper appreciation must result in the near future in bringing about a domestic revolution. The list of electrically-heated kitchen utensils at present manufactured, embraces ovens for baking, roasting, etc.; broilers and toasters; plate warmers, frying pans, chafing dishes and farina boilers; stew pans, steam cookers, plate stoves or griddles, hot-water reservoirs and boilers; tea and coffee urns and pots; clothes boilers, etc., from which enumeration it will be perceived that the ground is tolerably well covered.

We exhibit, in conclusion, a picture showing a modern kitchen with an electric heating and cooking outfit as ordinarily installed for use. The hot-water service boiler and baking oven occupy the left-hand place. On top of the oven is seen an electric broiler doing its work, while the steam and fumes of the cooking pass up the overhanging flue. On the locker slab is seen a variety of the more commonly-used utensils—a plate stove, a spider, a coffee pot, a tea kettle, and a chafing dish. These are connected to the circuit through the switch-board, shown above the slab. No unpleasant heat is radiated from these utensils, it being utilized for the work to be done.



EDITED BY EMILY H. MAY.

AT this season there is nothing to chronicle about the fashions that is absolutely new. Of course, there are variations of styles, each woman fondly hoping that she can give a touch to her garment, while adhering to the prevailing mode, that will make it a little more chic than her friends! So we have many modifications and suggestions on skirts, bodices, sleeves, coats and mantles, that give a variety and render less the monotony of wide skirts, full bodices and big sleeves.

Nothing better illustrates what we have just said than the "Officer Pelerine" of which we give an example in Figure 1. It is of the fashionable style and is yet totally different from any "cape" that has appeared. It is of dark blue cloth with collar and a double-breasted revers of a little lighter shade of blue and is fastened by very large buttons, and the collar is lined with beige colored surah. Velvet may be used for collar and revers if preferred. Tan color may be used in place of the light blue.

In Figure 2, we have one of the latest wraps for ceremonious or opera wear; it is of rich brocaded silk and has too a collarette of sable. The full sweep of the cloak gives sufficient space for the big sleeves and wide skirts. This model is equally suitable for a

much less expensive material than brocaded silk.

Figure 3 is another modification of the present style of wraps. It is of a heavy corded black silk, with collar and facings of black velvet, the whole edged with black ostrich feather trimming. This garment also is equally suitable for much less expensive materials, and fur can be used with advantage in the place of the



FIG. 1.

ostrich/feather trimming, if considered more desirable.

Figure 4 shows us another adaptation of suggestions from bits of the fashions. It is one of the new jacket coats made of

this garment are the sleeves, which have the huge caps left loose under the arms.

A very new style is the costume given in Figure 5, and it will look equally well as a spring wrap if braid or passementerie



FIG. 2.

tan-colored cloth, double-breasted in front and fastened with very large pearl buttons, the skirt at the back is quite full, there are directorie revers, and the whole corded with white cloth. The new thing about

is substituted for the fur. The skirt is made of Havana brown camel's hair, and has a broad band of velvet of a darker shade of brown. The jacket is of the same material as the dress, with a



FIG. 3.

skirt cut in battlements at the bottom and trimmed with black astrachan fur; the same fur ornaments the front, the triple capes, collar, and cuffs of the full sleeves.

Another quite new design is that seen in Figure 6, and holds suggestions for a spring jacket. Our model is of black velvet with rather short and quite full skirt at the back; the bodice part is tight fitting with a pointed ceinture of passementerie; the full leg-o'-mutton sleeves have short full wings at the top

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trimmed like the cuffs collar and front with bands of ostrich feathers, and a single row of the passementerie around the arm holes.

In Figure 7, we see a copy of a beautiful India gray cashmere for a house dress. The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles of gray silk, each headed by their folds of the cashmere, piped with the gray silk. Black velvet ribbon may be substituted for the folds of cashmere. The very small ruffles, basque and cuffs are trimmed to correspond with the skirt; the bodice is cut in a point at the back and the ruffle goes all around it. The large sleeves have a drapery of black lace which extends somewhat down the side of the revers. The bodice, which is pointed in front, has revers and a full vest of the gray silk, held in place by a triangular piece of black lace below which is a smaller piece of the cashmere.



FIG. 4.

We see in Figure 8 one of the three flounced skirts now so popular. The original is of green cheviot, flaked with écru and red. The bodice is round at the waist, under a belt of green velvet. There are broad revers of velvet, plaited in at the neck, opening over a full front

brightness to a dark dress. Of course blue or any other color of velvet or satin ribbon may be used in place of the black velvet, but the latter will go well with gowns of any or all colors. Plain white net, also, makes pretty fichus.

In Figure 10 we have a cloth basque



FIG. 5.

of the cheviot, and the double sleeves have deep cuffs of the velvet.

The shawl pelerine in Figure 9 is made of silk-muslin, edged with narrow lace and trimmed with black velvet ribbon. These pretty fichus serve to make an old gown look very presentable, and give



FIG. 6.

used as an outside covering. It is of chestnut-colored cloth, with two ruffle basques, and worn under a belt. The sleeves and vest are of dark brown plush, and the whole is trimmed with Hudson Bay sable.

One of the prettiest dresses which we



FIG. 7.

have seen, was the original of that shown in Figure 11. The skirt is black moiré, and quite plain. The zouave jacket is of black velvet, with broad collar and full sleeves. The vest is of red satin studded with small jet "nail beads;" the collar and bows correspond with the rest.

The girl's coat in Figure 12 is of velvet, but it looks equally well if made of cloth or camel's hair. It is redingote in style, rather full at the back, double breasted and fastening on the left side, and has large directorie revers; the sleeves are full leg of mutton.

In Figure 13 we see a design for a warm suit for a boy; the knickerbockers are comfortably loose, and the jacket has one plait at the back as well as in front, and is large enough to admit of a heavy vest underneath. Black astrachan cap.

The pretty coat shown in Figure 14 is in dove-gray camel's hair; it has a cape added to a yoke, and is trimmed with Alaska sable. Bands of ribbon may be substituted for the fur, or passementerie may be used.

Figure 15 shows a coat in lambs's wool cloth. The cape is edged with beaver,

and there are handsome passementerie fastenings down the front, and finish the double plaits at the back. Dutch bonnet, made of the cloth, with feather trimming and a silk ruche, cloth gaiters.

Figure 16 shows a dress for a young girl; the skirt is plain, and the bodice is of Russian blouse style. The band down the left side, the plaits up the sleeves and collar are all ornamented à la Russe, with long stitches in embroidery.

In Figure 17 is seen a frock for a little girl. It is made of soft woolen, with a single ruffle at the bottom; the loose bodice has three rows of shirring at the waist, and a deep ruffle below the yoke; the ruffle is trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon, and rosettes of the ribbon ornament the waist at the side. Full upper sleeves.

The front and back of the coat shown in Figure 18 is very stylish, and one of the latest models. The sleeves, bottom of shirt collar and cape, are finished by rows of chain stitching.

In the present hard times it behooves every woman to be her own milliner if possible. The Princess of Wales does



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

not disdain to take to pieces a bonnet or hat that does not suit her and re-make it. It is said that she also sometimes retouches some of her august mother-in-law's headgear, and that her taste is excellent and her fingers nimble. The Princess was brought up on the most economical principles, for her father, the present King of Denmark, was a poor man for a royal one, and his daughters had many lessons in self-denial, and much of their little finery was fashioned by their own hands.

and flat on the shoulders; but are fuller than ever in width.

Sleeves of two materials are very fashionable, which allows old fashioned sleeves to be made new fashioned at very little expense or trouble. Thus the top and bottom pieces may be quite tight to the arm, and be made of the same material, whilst the centre puff is of another fabric. All you have to do, therefore, is to add a puff in the centre of your old tight sleeves, and you will be in the height of sleeve fashion.

All this seems a long way from our stylish bonnet for a matron represented in Figure 19. But it can be easily concocted at home of velvet and jet, with a cluster of feathers. Or for spring wear silk or satin can take the place of the velvet. The design shows more easily the way of making the bonnet than we can describe it by words.

So we see that while there is nothing decidedly new in styles, we can easily give a touch of originality by making some slight change with our own hands.

The newest fashions usually make their appearance in the long winter. If we can predict something of the spring garments by the latest French importations, we see only the modifications of which we have spoken. The Polenaise (that is, the dress cut in one piece) is coming into favor, and sometimes crosses in front and opens on one side, or it is open down the front and is worn over a skirt of a different color or material.

Silk bodices are worn with cloth skirts. Thus a cloth skirt may serve for walking, or for the family dinner, according to the bodice worn with it. Sleeves are low



FIG. 10.

Sleeves occupy so prominent a place in fashion, indeed, that our shoulder coverings are shaped to agree with them, and this accounts for the long reign of capes, which are as much in favor as ever this winter. We see them in velvet and we see them in cloth, generally of the same color as the dress, and trimmed with fur when not made entirely of fur. The high collars which accompany them are fluted, and whilst protecting the neck are more graceful than the high plain collars used to be. Fur, feather, and fringed silk ruchings are also worn round the neck when long boas are not worn. They must be very large, however; large enough to completely cover the neck, throat, and part of chin.

The recent boisterous weather has had its effect upon fashion, and the close-

fitting felt hats, the very thick serge skirts, and the comfortable-looking, as well as becoming, tight-fitting jackets, with long, full basques, large sleeves, shoulder capes, and high collars are the order of the day. The shade par excellence is decidedly brown; cinnamon reigning supreme; and the trimming is black braid, or fur matching the cloth as nearly as possible. Many of the best dressed women affect a black toilette, with a fawn felt hat and muff, trimmed with black ribbon.

There is nothing very noticeable in skirts. All are plain, and of rough fabric, but the jackets and the hats are in considerable variety. A rough-surfaced cloth coat, reaching to the knees, with two hip pieces resembling very large pockets; a square shoulder cape, plain across the back, gathered in a few pleats on each shoulder and carried down the



FIG. 11.

front in cascade style to the waist; edged everywhere with a flat braid over an inch wide, is remarkably neat in appearance, and is one of the smartest tailor-made



FIG. 12.

ones. It looks well over any skirt. Tailor-made gowns, in fact, are always liked for street use; they are so comfortable to wear and so "natty" looking. In England it is the most popular costume worn, it is so simple for those whose purse is small, and can be made so elegant touched up here and there with fur, or braid, or buttons well placed. Tweed, light weight of cloth, serge, and heavy camel's hair are most used for these gowns, but as the season advances lighter materials will be more worn.

In view of the hard times, nearly all dress goods are reduced in price, and cashmeres, thin camel's hair are all sold

very low. These make either good out-of-door or house dresses, the darker colors excellent for the former occasion, while the lighter ones, as nill-green, light blue, lilac, etc., can be formed into especially pretty in-door gowns, and with the addition of ribbons and laces, will make soft, graceful falling ones for more dressy occasions.

Waists for the house, of a different material or color from the skirt are very popular, and brighten up old skirts very much. They are made of velvet, bengaline, satin, foulard and chené silks, and of light woolens. They are frequently ornamented with lace, and all are made full, with large sleeves.



FIG. 13.

For the tailor-made costume, the strictly plain tight-fitting waistcoat is usually preferred, though the full blouse waist is also worn, and for very slender women the latter is more becoming.

We are sorry to say that the most sought for style is that which tends to make the waist appear small, for this too often leads to tight lacing, which is not only unhealthy, but produces a stiffness of movement that is most inelegant



FIG. 14.

and ungraceful. There are, however, styles of making gowns that will produce the effect most desired at present without drawing the corset lacer closer, therefore the waists are pointed, Louis XV, combined with large sleeves, but paniers are only made when the material is light, and then they are small; the rich heavy fabrics are only slightly draped. The skirts are otherwise plain, flat in front, and some are still cut with the bias at the back, but not many, the skirts are, therefore, round, rather long, or trained

as desired; the godats are small, the skirts seem rather to fall in large pleats from the waist. The bodices, with long or moderate points, are heavily trimmed with berthes, flounces, frills, yokes, etc., these fall on the full sleeves and make the shoulders appear extremely wide. The bust is the principal point in fashionable toilettes, and all the ornament is placed there. The fronts of waists are a good deal trimmed, and large ribbon bows, some with long hanging ends and some ornamented with lace are popular, as giving fullness to the bust.

"Pipings" of silk or satin in pretty contrast with the dress, are used as trimmings.

Just at present, in the intermediate season, felt hats are the most popular. Many of them are boat-shape, some small, some wide, with a band of broad black ribbon, finished off with loops at the front on one side. Others, more fanciful, and worn off the face, have black ostrich tips standing up in front, usually a couple locked in a close em-



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

brace, and one or two more reclining on the brim, one at the back asserting itself more boldly. Tan hats with black silk; black hats with tan or a new shade of green, are popular, and quite eclipse the bonnets, which are few and far between, and worn only by elderly women. The woven tartan Tam o' Shaners are much worn by children, and so are the high black or tan cloth gaiters; in fact, these are much worn by all, especially with thick-soled shoes.

BATH FOR FACE AND NECK.

If left to themselves most children will give their faces a dab or two and leave the neck severely alone, and a pretty sight they look after such ablution, especially if they have been grubbing in the garden for an hour or two previously.

Now twice a day the face, neck, and hands should not only be washed, but bathed—after getting up in the morning and before going to bed at night. It is a great bother at night, is it? Let me tell you this, and don't you forget it. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and it ought to be part of your religion to be

careful with your night toilet. If feet and hands and face and neck are washed and bathed every night you'll sleep ever so much more sweetly, you will enhance your beauty, and you will banish care.

Use soft water, a flannel glove, and lots of the best soap money can buy, and if you can afford it, put some eau de cologne in the water. I do not think the water should be really hot. I am not sure though? Indeed, I have never been able to make up my mind quite on this subject. Though it seems to me that very hot water destroys to some extent the outer skin, and that as this is constantly renewed from interiorly, a too active state might be produced, and roughness be the result; so I advise my



FIG. 17.

readers to go by the good old motto, "in mediis tubissimus ibis." The word "ibis" in this little Latin sentence does not mean the beautiful scarlet stork of African rivers, though he can teach us a lesson too, for he is nearly always in the water or the air. Well, the meaning of the proverb is that you are safest if you steer a middle course.

Having thoroughly soaped and washed and laved the hands, face, and neck dry with a not too rough towel, then you may use a little eau de cologne.

the waved pattern on the material and the waved stem of flowers. On the edges of the waved ribbon work a long and short stitch, alternately with the silk. This gives the appearance of a waved ribbon. Then work the ribbon flowers, threading a very large, sharp-pointed tapestry needle with the ribbon.

The stitch-work is done in long stitches of colored washing silks on damask with blue, green or pink silk, the stems with brown silk. This is for the cloth; if of blue linen, work with white filoselle.

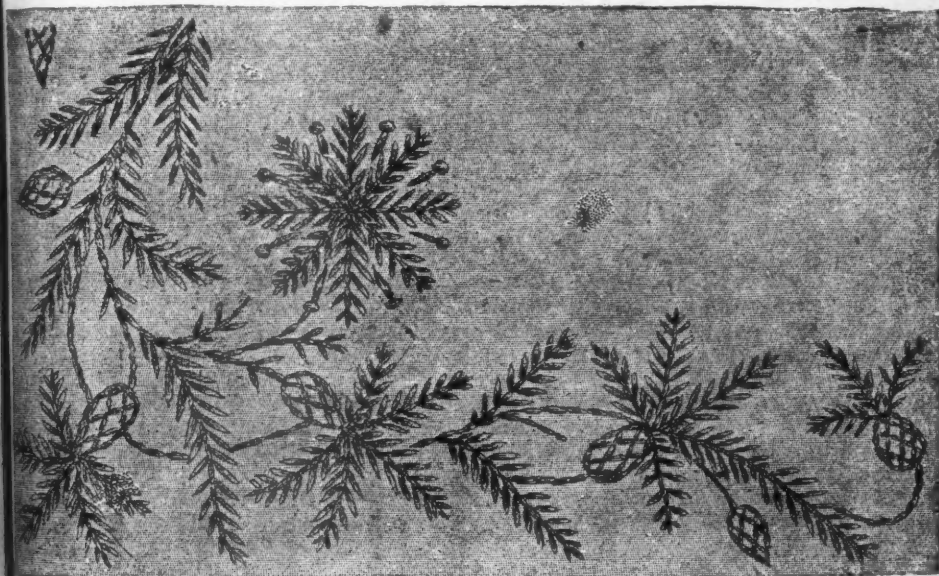


FIG. 1.

WORK TABLE.

THE decorative patterns in stitch work and Chine ribbon in Figures 1 and 2 is something new, or rather an old style come into vogue again. Ribbon work was the fashion in the time of Louis XVI and the Empire, and we have seen many pieces of it preserved in French families.

For the ribbon work have black or blue washing silks in two shades, pink Chine ribbon, or any narrow ribbon, and two or three shades of green ribbon. With a pencil faintly draw the shape of

The design of Figure 3 is for a simple *étagère*, which can easily be made by a village carpenter or a dexterous son of a family who is at all accustomed to handling a saw and hammer. The woodwork should be most carefully sand-papered and finished, so that it can be painted in dainty cream color or receive a coat of white enamel. The shelves may be covered with brocade or velvet or any material that one may fancy, or that will look well in a room.

The butterfly illustration in Figure 5 is pretty to dot about among sprays of flowers on cushions or quilts. It is

most effective if outlined in fine black sewing silk, and the body filled in with sulphur-colored sewing silk.



FIG. 2.

The grape leaves and tendrils given in Figure 4 can be employed for many purposes, and is especially pretty done on flannel or cashmere with white silk, or it may be done in grape-vine green on white silk for a bathing sachet

or blotter cover, producing a very handsome effect.

The size of the cover for the music album illustrated in Figure 6, varies according to whether it is intended to hold ordinary pieces and songs, or bound albums. It can be made either in linen, plush or satin, decorated with brush or needle with trails of flowers or musical attributes. The rosette at the corner is of moiré silk.

A cabinet for china is a most decorative as well as serviceable article.

If you have good china which is not in daily use, by all means brighten up your dining room by keeping it in the room. Black and yellow cabinets are very effective with glass doors, and are very easily made. White and yellow would be nice if the coloring of the room is delicate, as it probably will be in these days of Colonial revival. In many instances pretty china is more pleasing to the eye than pictures, unless the latter are very good and carefully chosen.



FIG. 3.

A little music rack, bookshelf or what-not, which will recommend itself to many a woman whose nomadic life makes it impossible for her to possess many belongings, yet who wishes to make her room look homelike and comfortable, is made as follows: Buy a small clothes horse, which will cost sixty-five



FIG. 4.

cents, three-fold and about three feet high; these clothes frames come well finished and in all sizes simply for decorative purposes. Four shelves which may be made of boxes, if one is handy with the saw and plane, or which will cost about one dollar if got of the carpenter, are needed. These must be smooth with beveled edges. The top shelf is

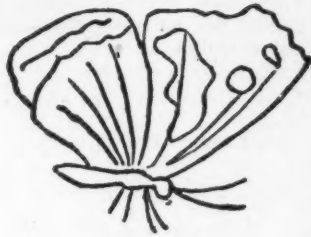


FIG. 5.

only half the width of the lower ones. The shelves are hung on the rods of the clothes frames by means of two brass screw hooks in each end; these hooks are screwed into the shelves at such distances from the edge as will make them fit easily, and will hold the frame firmly. The exact distance can be ascertained by measuring; if the screws are too long they must be cut off from the under side. Brass knobs, such as are used for curtain poles, etc., are set into the tops of the posts. When the rack is finished it may be stained and varnished or rubbed down and painted white, blue, or pink, lined



FIG. 6.

with gold. The shelves are easily unhooked, and the frame folded so as to go into a trunk. Brass rods for curtains may be added if desired.

OUR OLD AND NEW FRIENDS and the press throughout the country are loud in praise of our efforts to please. A glance through the present number will offer ample proof of the excellence of "ARTHUR."

THE LATEST CONVENIENCES

is the first of a series of illustrated articles that will be continued at intervals during the year. The cuts and descriptions will show ladies what things among the newest inventions for making work easy will be the best worth buying.

THE CLOVER CLUB

is rapidly becoming one of the magazine's most interesting features. The puzzle in the January number has not yet been solved, but letters are pouring in, and some one must soon succeed in carrying off the

CASH PRIZE OF \$30.

Everybody ought to examine this month's "Clover Club," and read the offers for succeeding months. Experts in needlework and amateur photographers must be on the lookout for the contests and prizes which appeal to them.

THE HOME CIRCLE

is the best friend of every housekeeper.

"THE WOMAN'S WORLD"

is invaluable to every lady, for by the aid of the designs and fashionable descriptions, she can dress herself and her children, and well, at less than half the price she would otherwise pay.

In order, however, to receive the benefits of this offer, your subscription must be mailed not later than the last day of February, 1894, and in order to avoid delay when the rush comes, send your dollar now.

Come early and bring your friends, and do not forget that this offer closes February 28th, 1894.

The object of the manufacturers of Dobbins' Electric Soap has been for 28 years to make this soap of such superior quality that it will give universal satisfaction. Have they succeeded? Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

THE GIRLS' AND BOYS' DEPARTMENT

is the prime favorite of all the children and young folk, as is proved by piles of letters which we receive every week.

SPECIAL OFFER.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the extraordinary offer which we make on page 29 of this number.

Realizing the fact that the financial panic through which the country has just passed, must effect our readers, we began to look around for a channel through which we might benefit them and, at the same time, swell our subscription list. We finally hit upon a plan of offering for one dollar that which would, ordinarily, cost several times that amount. If you will read, carefully, the advertisement already mentioned you will find that we offer Arthur's New Home Magazine, the price of which is one dollar per year, The Farm and Fireside, which is fifty cents per year, and Fifty Photographic Views of the World's Fair, which as a souvenir of that wonderful event are simply invaluable, all for ONE DOLLAR.

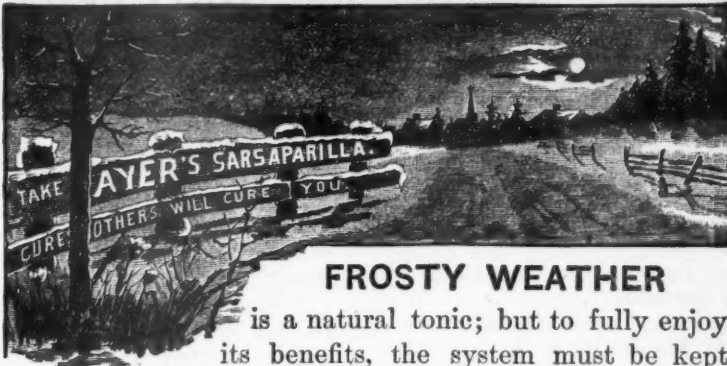
We really consider this the most wonderful offer we have ever made and hope none of our friends will fail to take advantage of it.

You cannot afford to miss the opportunity to secure these magnificent views. Just think of it! a panorama of the greatest gathering this world has ever witnessed, and and a first-class Agricultural and Family paper. ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone who sends one dollar for a year's subscription to Arthur's New Home Magazine, which for the year 1894 will be better than ever.

DO YOUR BEST.—A girl is cheerful and easy in mind when she has put her heart into her work and done her best; but what she says or does otherwise will give her no peace.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—Happiness has been defined as having things; better still, as having what you want; still better, as being able to do without what you want.

CRYING BABIES.—Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.



FROSTY WEATHER

is a natural tonic; but to fully enjoy its benefits, the system must be kept sound and vigorous, and all the functions of the body in active, healthy condition. The surest method of securing this result is to cleanse and vitalize the blood with **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, the most powerful alterative medicine in existence. It eradicates every taint of Scrofula, expels the acid which causes rheumatism, and the humors which produce pimples, boils, carbuncles, and sores. If you value your health, take nothing but

Ayer's ^{The Only} Sarsaparilla

Receiving a MEDAL at
THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AS A REMEDY

for bronchitis, loss of voice, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, la grippe, pneumonia, whooping cough, asthma, and other disorders of the throat and lungs, **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** stands in advance of all similar preparations. It has a splendid record, covering half a century and gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is indorsed by eminent physicians, and is the favorite anodyne-expectorant with singers, actors, preachers, teachers, and public speakers generally. It is agreeable to the taste does not interfere with digestion, needs but small doses, and is the most economical remedy to be found anywhere. Children like it. Every household should have

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The only Cough-cure receiving medal at

THE WORLD'S FAIR

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1889,

AND THE AWARD AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.

In answering advertisements, our readers will please mention this Magazine.



BOYS AND UMBRELLAS.

First Boy—"There's one thing I like about umbrellas."

Second Boy—"Wot's that?"

First Boy—"When it only rains a little you don't need one, and when it rains hard the wind always blows so you can't carry one."

A WAY THEY HAVE.

"Hello, Spinks! Say, what ever became of that girl in the twine factory?"

"Oh, I've got her on a string yet; how about the girl in the crockery store?"

"Got dished out of that; but how's the shoe saleslady?"

"Didn't seem to fit; do you ever see the girl from the pottery, nowadays?"

"No, she's in the jug; how's the telephone girl?"

"Oh, she's rung off; how's your friend the seamstress?"

"Sew-sew; but do you remember Poll in the conjuror's store?"

"Yes, out o' sight; and the one at the soda fountain?"

"Cooled off; how about the one in the hardware store?"

"Oh, she nailed me; seen the plumber's daughter lately?"

"No, too much brass; how's the well-digger's girl?"

"Married her: come in and have a drink on it."

A FISH STORY.

"Yaas," said the old man, as the boys pressed about him—"yaas, I has caught minners on a hook, an' they was the biggest minners ye ever seed. These minners that I caught were seven foot long."

"Hoh!" cried one of the party. "They couldn't have been minnows, then."

"Yaas, they was minners, too," said the old man. "Seven foot long an' weighin' thirty pounds apiece; but that wasn't the funny part of it. The funny part about them minners was that you couldn't tell 'em from blue fish."

"Then how did you know they were minnows?" asked one of the boys.

"How'd I know?" retorted the old man. "How'd I know? Why, I knowed what I went fishin' for, didn't I? I was arter minners, and when I'm arter minners I don't ketch blue-fish. That's how."—*Harper's Young People.*

TOMMY'S COMPLAINT.

My name's Wiggins, so's my pa's
So's my brother's, and my ma's.

So's my cousin's, uncle's too;
Grandpa's, grandma's; honest, true!

Seems to me I'd hesitate
Makin' one name do for eight,

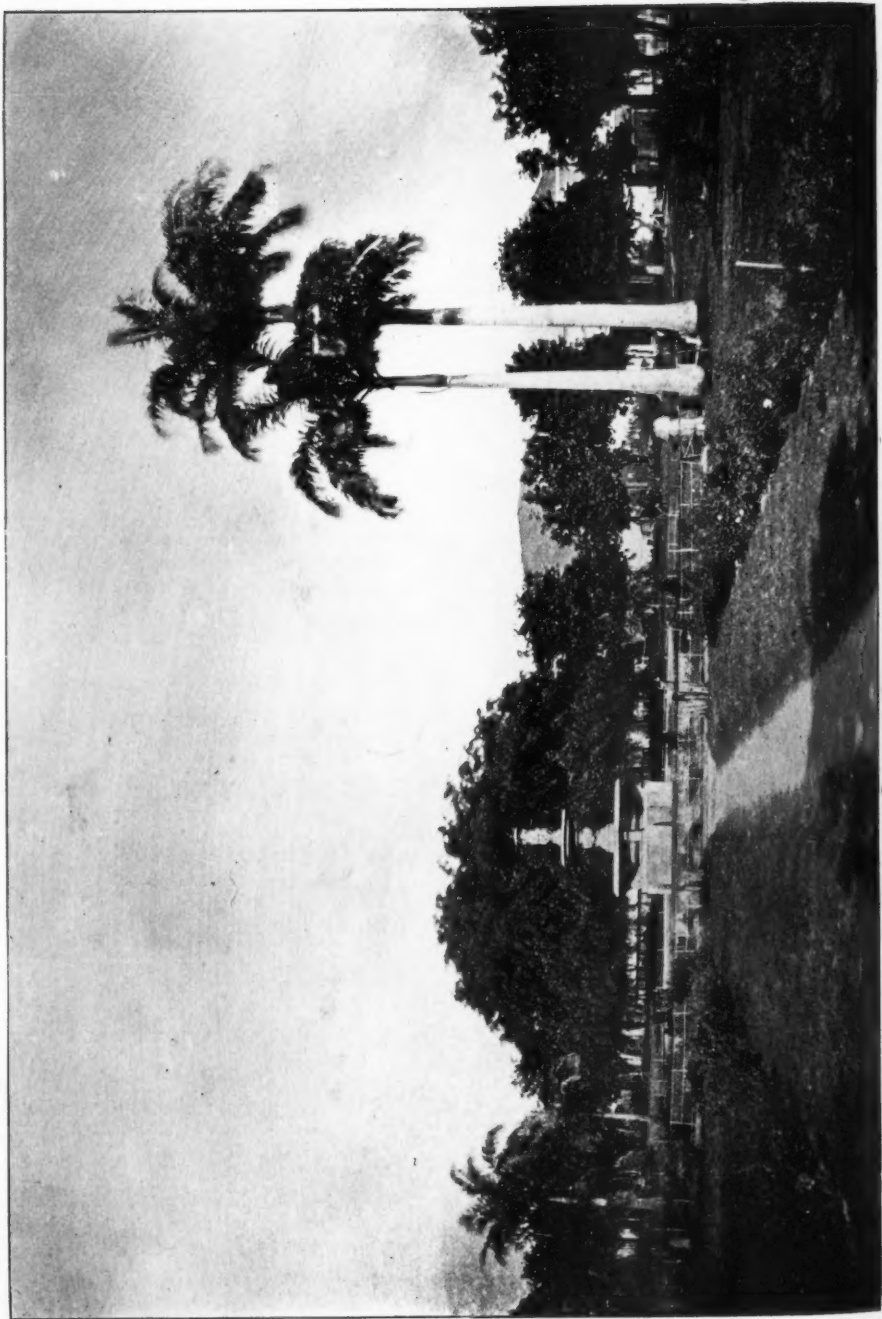
When there's lots of names to give,
Mighty stingy, sure's I live.

Harper's Young People.

We don't say Dobbin's Perfect Soap
"is as good as" any other. We say it
is twice as good. Cost twice as much to
make, and will go twice as far. Still
you buy it for five cents a bar.

A POINT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"I know why squirrels have such funny faces," remarked Jimmie. "They eat green persimmons and get their mouths all twisted up with the taste."—*Harper's Young People.*



PUBLIC GARDENS, ST. KITTS.